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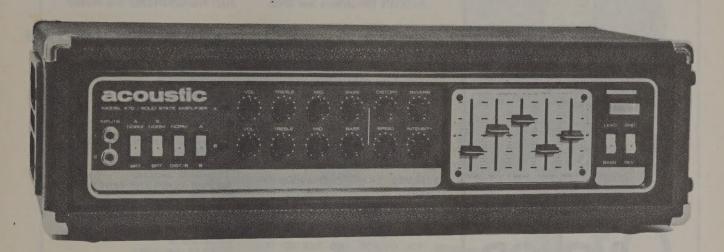
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HIT PARADER is published monthly by Charlton Publications, Inc., Charlton Bldg., Derby, Connecticut, 06418. Entered as Second Class Matter April 24, 1943 at the Post Office at Derby, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Second Class Postage paid at Derby, Conn. © Copyright 1973 Charlton Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in the U. S. A. Annual subscription \$5.00, 24 issues \$8.50. Subscription Manager: Ida Cascio. Volume 33, No.115., Feb. 1974. Authorized for sale in the U.S., its possessions, territories and Canada only. Members of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, photos, cartoons and songs. All contributions should be addressed to Editorial Office, Charlton Bldg., Derby, Conn. 06418, and accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelope.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING MANAGER: Barry Asch, 529 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017, (212-867-2266); WEST and SOUTHWEST: Alan Lubetkin, 4621 Deseret Drive, Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364, (213-346-7769).

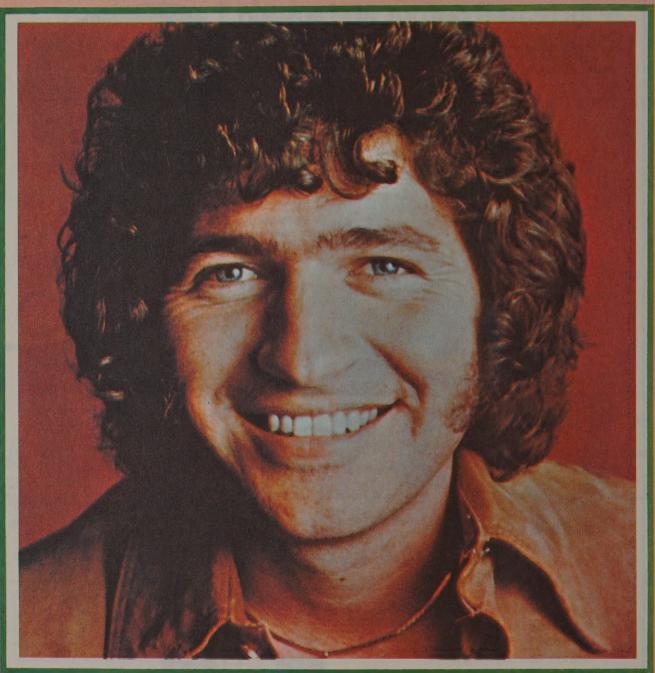
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MAC DAVIS A Musical Phenomenon



Mac Davis, who always gave his best songs to other performers, finally saved one for himself.

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"I had never had a hit — a real hit — before," admits Davis, flashing a broad, toothpaste - white grin. "I always gave the good ones away to others."

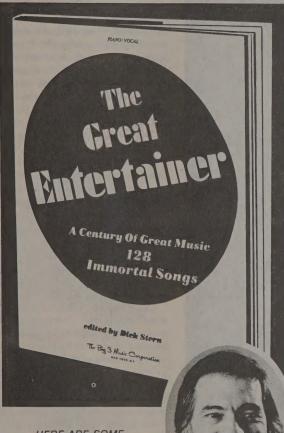
Some of the songs he gave away were "Memories" and "In The Ghetto," which Elvis Presley made famous; "Something's Burning," recorded by Kenny Rogers and the First Edition, and "Watching Scotty Grow," which was about Davis' own son but was ridden to fame by Bobby Goldsboro. He's had several other hit songs but they were sung by people like Glen Campbell, Andy Williams, Lou Rawls and O.C. Smith.

Last year, he wrote "Baby Don't Get Hooked On Me" and was the first to record it. It became a million-seller and made him a major star.

"I probably would have given it away, too," Davis says, "but I wrote it during a recording session. My record producer was complaining that I kept giving away all my hook songs ... that's a song that has a repeating phrase in it. He said, 'You

(continued on page 58)

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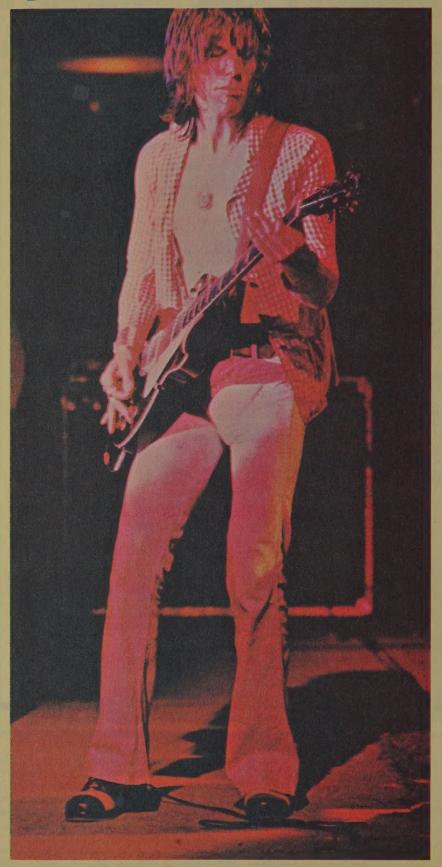
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JEFF BECK'S LAST



Jeff Beck

It ain't the Yardbirds and it ain't Vanilla Fudge and it ain't quite like anything else, either. It's the new Jeff Beck Group.

Well, not so new maybe, because it's been well over a year in the making. But it wasn't until recently — with the release of their last record, in fact. — that the folks started to notice that this just wasn't just another Jeff Beck comeback, but something that may be very much here to stay.

Jeff, of course, has long been a favorite with any real music fan who's ever heard him — and has any real fan not? With each new try, they cheered him on. With each tumble from the top, they mourned. It wasn't Jeff's fault, they said. He simply hadn't found the right combo yet. But with his new partnership — well, relatively new — with Carmine Appice and Tom Bogert (both ex-Fudgers) it looks like he's really hit that combo at last. But more about that in a minute.

First on with the fascinating phenomenon of Jeff himself. No matter how many times he's disappeared for a while, there never was much time allowed to pass before people started writing in, to this magazine on more than one occasion, demanding to know where Jeff was. And once hints of a comeback starting making the rounds, came the, "Well, where and when ... we're waiting," piles of mail. Fact is, if you read our last "We Read Your Mail" column you got just a teeny sampling — all we had room for — of the constant waiting - for - Jeff that's been going on.

Of course, not all of Jeff's hiding out has been voluntary. There probably isn't anybody who doesn't remember his hot-rod accident. It was over four years ago, but Jeff still bears some of the scars of that accident—the slightest trace of a scar under his left eye, movements which don't quite let him arch over his guitar the way he used to, pain in his back that just doesn't seem to go away.

But he still looks like the old Jeff Beck, slight, long, dark hair, serious offstage, a show on.

Nobody would have thought of Jeff Beck and Vanilla Fudge as any kind of compatible combination. An English guitarist and an American funky blues rhythm team sounded like hot fudge turkey. But not to Beck and Appice and Bogert — not even then.

"The first time we thought of it," says Jeff, "was when my old group was together. It got around the business that I was disbanding the group, and Carmine and Tim were dissatisfied with their situation in Vanilla Fudge. So they rang up and said, 'Thought you needed a bass player and drummer.'

"I didn't dream, at first, that it was those two," Jeff remembers, laughing. "I thought it was somebody else." But from the moment

COMEBACK--

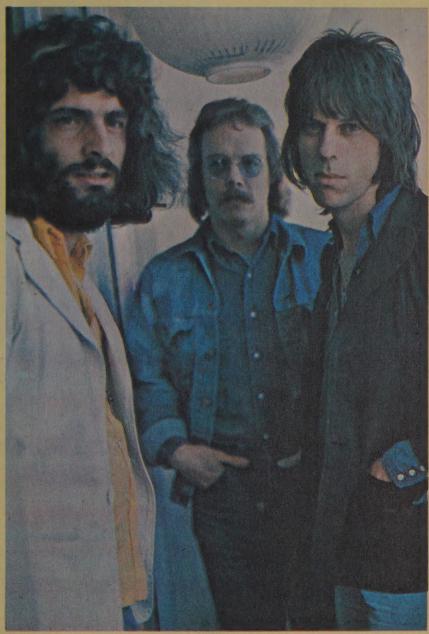
he did realize who they were, "I didn't think of anything else." And lots might have happened right then, since Jeff and the boys did know each other. They'd done a Coca Cola commercial together. "It was a funky thing," says Jeff. But then, "There was the car accident." And the dream was kind of smashed up for awhile — but not shattered.

Well, on and on it went, with Jeff growing more dissatisfied with his group's management, and Appice and Bogert growing more and more dissatisfied,

"We were just going in different directions musically," says Bogert of Fudge. "We didn't see eye - to - eye anymore. We never really developed a formula — which was good. It was just four people working the way they knew how to work. And for a time, it was very compatible. But then ...'

Meanwhile, Jeff had some break-up plans of his own. "I don't think any of the others knew that I had a break in mind,





Beck, Bogert and Appice

although they were discontented with the management. Really, it's not just the manager's fault or my fault, it was just a misunderstanding between the two of us. The way he handled the group wouldn't be the way I would. But because we never sorted out problems as they came up. They just went on and on."

As the problems grew, Jeff's interest in Carmine and Tim aid, too, and they kept right on calling ... "Vancouver, Miami, Italy ..." wherever Jeff was.

Finally, it happened - and like a good marriage it looks like it could last for a long time to come. These three have found each other, and they've been steadily proving that, at last, each has found exactly what's been needed.

Some things, they say, haven't changed for any of them. Jeff's still a soul freak, what to Tim and Carmine term sixties' R&B, and not quite to their liking. So like we said, it ain't the Yardbirds, with whom Jeff once played R&B for a year, and it ain't Vanilla Fudge. It's a sound all their own — and it looks like Jeff — together with Carmine and Tim — is here to stay. Amen!

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Readers.

Last month, we got a slew of mail, all wanting to know Alice Cooper's "maiden name." To find out who Alice Cooper really is read this month's "Progressive Patter" carefully — and ye shall know.

Sincerely, Your Editor

BEE GEE FANS UNITE!

Dear Editor.

I am announcing the founding of a Bee Gees Fan Club here in the United States. We intend to cater to all who are not just fans of the Bee Gees, but to those people who like

good music.

Since I am new at this sort of thing I am asking for your assistance and advice. We are in need of materials for the regular fan magazine we hope to put out. What we are asking for are photos, articles and information on the Bee Gees that you could contribute to our "appreciation society."

Thank you so much.

All best,
Mark Walker, President
Bee Gees Fan Club
525 N. Kenwood Ave.
Baltimore, Maryland 21205

Unfortunately, all the material we have either belongs to the photographer and writers from whom we purchase them, or to the record companies and/or stars themselves and cannot be given away. However, you might contact the record company yourself, asking for biographies and any publicity material you can

get — that sometimes includes pictures. Write to them on your fan club stationery. We are also printing your letter in the hopes that some of the fans might wish to join your club and help you out with their materials.

MORE RAVES FOR THREE DOG NIGHT

Dear Editor,

Hooray for Marylou Bono of Bowie, Maryland (Oct. '73 Issue)! I, too, am waiting for another article on the most super group of them all -Three Dog Night. It was, in fact, because of an article you did on them, way back in December '71 that I subscribed to your magazine. I think we need more info on the group, especially since they've lost a member — bassist Joe Schermie — and picked up another, Jack Ryland, Since you say you're coming out with an article on them in the future, you can bet I'll be waiting. But please, don't make me wait too long.

> Peace and love, Rosemary Sander New Orleans, La.

We've been receiving all sorts of mail on Three Dog Night. Hasn't anyone seen our December issue?

NO BAD WORDS FOR ELTON JOHN

Dear Editor.

Hasn't your writer, Robert Magnus, ever heard of letting people do their own thing? Apparently not! I'm referring to his remark about Elton's "Crocodile Rock" in the September issue. He seems to think that just because Elton has produced masterpieces like "Madman Across the Water," "Burn Down the Mission," "Have Mercy On the Criminal," etc., etc., that he can't get down and do some fun rock. Why not? After all, he's been more successful than any other artist in recapturing the spirit of the late fifties. That's saying something, considering all the attempts that have been made recently.

We all know that Elton is an incredible composer, a sensitive singer and a super showman. He's proven he can do everything, and better than anyone else! So, since he's more than capable, why not let him have some fun?

Maybe Robert Magnus thinks composers should stick to one line of music and that's it. Can you imagine how boring music would be if that were so — and how bored musicians would be? One thing's for sure — we wouldn't have superstars around like Elton John!

Terry Jordan Newport News, Va.

It's just that we like Elton John so much at his best, we always want him to be at his best.

GRAND FUNK VS. THE STONES

Dear Editor,

I'd like to address this letter to Ursula Kahakauwila in reference to her letter in the September issue. Ursula, Grand Funk Railroad is so much better than the Stones and I'll prove it. GFR has

eight albums — and all have been Gold Seal, which means that every album has sold one million copies or more. I don't see any on the Stones' albums. Also, in New York City's Shea Stadium, it took one week to sell out for a Stones' concert. It took GFR 72 hours! Mark Farner may never be a Mick Jagger, but GFR will live! The Stones have just about had it.

Steve O'Donnell Malvern, Pa.

Dear Editor,

I read a letter in your September issue in which Ursula Kahakauwila of Hawaii compared Mick Jagger and Mark Farner. I'd like to say, "Right on, Ursula, you're so right!" There is only one Mick Jagger, and anyone who thinks Mark Farner is better than Mick is nuts.

Don't get me wrong. I dig Grand Funk. But the Stones are better. I have every Stones album and I really dig their sound. It's good, downto - earth rock music.

Right on to you, too, Ear Hills, who wrote the letter that started all this. Always glad to hear from a fellow Stones' fan.

Dear Editor,

In all your magazines, I have read your "We Read Your Mail" column, and I find that all letters concerning GFR only criticize this remarkable group. I have heard many other groups and find none to compare to Grand Funk.

They are well organized, have won themselves eight gold records and out there, in that huge world, there are millions and millions of people who class GF as the best ... including me! And we know what we are talking about.

Grand Funk, keep up the good work!

Steve Poulson
Lynn Lake
Manitoba, Canada



Not so strange, you say? Well, the lady's hometown just happens to be New York City, a place where the best and the biggest—like James Taylor, for example—have inevitably bombed out the first time around. Anyone who knows anything about the music business knows you don't get to the top in New York-even if you are a native—before you've impressed them in Podunk, Peoria and all such points first. And then, when every other state in the Union—including nia—has put you on top of the charts, then maybe ... just maybe ... they'll accept you in New York.

But Melissa Manchester started attracting attention in the by-ways of Max's Kansas City and Reno Sweeney's in the Village. No less than New York's—maybe the country's leading newspapers took notice. The Daily News called her "... one of the most brilliant young singers in New York," over a year ago. The New York Times lauded her "simple, straight-forward, very effective" style at just about the same time. But it wasn't until this year, with the release of "Home to Myself," that the rest of the country got to hear what

Melissa could do—what was movin' the folks up there in New York City.

Well, that's not quite true. Until last January, in fact, Melissa was one of Bette Midler's Harlettes, and part of a very well known sound. But the Bronxborn—February 15, 1951—Manhattan-raised musician decided she'd like to see what it felt like to sly solo. And flying she is.

Not that Miss Melissa Manchester's talent didn't out at an early age. Daughter of David Manchester, a bassoonist with the Metropolitan Opera, her musical education began at a rather early age.

"All kinds of music was important to me when I was growing up," she remembers, "not just rock 'n' roll, although the energy of rock and roll has certainly been very influential."

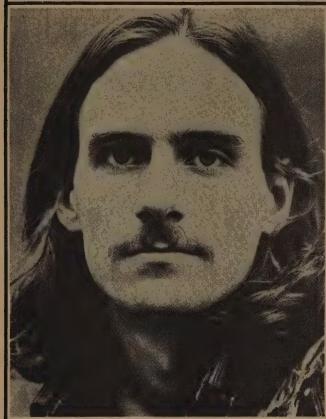
In a sense, that's why Melissa's unique style can't really be categorized. It's not rock in the narrow sense, certainly not straight folk or soul or pop or what have you. And maybe the secret to

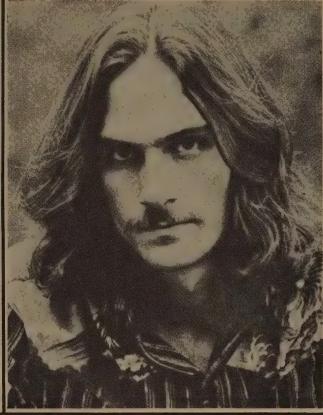
But performers and performing weren't Melissa's only talent. It was back in New York's famous High School of Performing Arts that she discovered she could write. In fact, by the time she was 16, she had a job as staff writer for a music-publishing house, and would hold down several such jobs by the time she was 18. Then she decided to go to New York University's School of the Arts. Paul Simon was teaching a course there and hundreds of students applied. But Paul would only take nine students—and her obvious talent made her one of those nine. She studied with him for a year.

Today, Melissa is on the threshold of what might be a trip backward for most musicians. She's conquered New York, and she's about to happen everywhere else. Together with Carol Bayer Sager, Melissa's written all the songs on "Home to Myself," and accompanies herself on the piano. But despite her other musical talents, she is first and foremost a singer — with a beautiful voice and a happy, touching, delightful style. And pretty soon, everyone will discover what New York already has — Miss Melissa Manchester!

by James Taylor

JAMES TAYLOR: ____Thoughts On Himself





EDITOR'S NOTE: Here's a letter, written by James, himself, while aboard a TWA flight headed for home...

Dear Editor,

I thought to make things easier for you perhaps. The stewardess was kind enough to bring paper and pencil and Peter (Asher) has given me an envelope; so I will write about myself (as always). I am flying to Martha's Vineyard (Cape Cod, Mass.), which is what I call home and I should be there tomorrow morning if this jet doesn't crash.

Word has it I was born at 5:06 p.m. (approximately) on March 12, 1948, at Boston's General Hospital where Isaac, my father, was studying medicine. My mother Gertrude, bore four children — Alexander, myself, Kate and Livingston — in that town, and one more Hugh, in the town of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, where my father later joined the staff of the University of North Carolina Medical School. Today, he is the dean of that

My siblings, like me, show an interest in music and some will find a living there. We grew up and went to school in Chapel Hill — a nice place to grow up — and now we are scattered along the East Coast. I love my family.

As far back as I can clearly remember, my family summered on Martha's Vineyard Island. Once we went to Maine and when I was ten, my mother took us all to Europe.

At the age of fourteen, I returned to Milton, Massachusetts, where Isaac and Trudy lived at the time of my birth. I went to a private boys' boarding school in that town for more or less five years. It seemed to please my parents. There's not much to say here. I had some friends but I was often sad.

Much later, in the summer of 1965, I lost my virginity and went to Russia. So much for that summer — how exciting.

In the summer of '66, I left for New York to form a musical group with three friends: the Flying Machine. Danny (Kootch) Kortchmar — guitar; Zach Wiesner (and later Jerry Burnham) — bass; Joel Bishop O'Brien — drums, and James (Stringbean) Taylor — guitar. We were a good band. I wrote a lot. I became involved with some heavy drugs. New York was hard on me and after a year I

left and the Flying Machine disbanded.

As far as music is concerned, it simply seems to have happened. When I was younger, I played the cello and took some theoretic music in school; but formal studies never agreed with me and, for whatever reason, I took up the guitar on my own. People like to talk generally about roots, but I find it difficult. I am the product of a haphazard musical environment which, I suppose, makes me a folk artist. Green rock 'n' roll. Words about my lyrics are at best redundant.

Peter and I met in London. I had intended to travel but I ended up recording for Apple. Peter and I work well together. Now we are with Warner Brothers, but I owe my first album to the Beatles.

I have 27 acres of land on Martha's Vineyard Island where I hope to build a home, and I seem to be set for life. We all seem to be set for life.

> Love, James

EAVESDROPPING: Singer and Songwriter and Songwriter

by Ann Iorio



BAARB GRAMMOH

Whatever kind of an artist she is songwriter, singer, recording star (and she is all of them, and more) — Ellie Greenwich is, first and foremost, a professional, a worker. The world of music holds little glamor in itself for her. She knows it from the inside and thus she knows that discipline is what shapes beauty. To satisfy Ellie, the work she turns out has to

be as well crafted as a perfectly cut rose diamond or a perfectly cut Chanel suit. Anything less than her own top effort she

That effort, as everyone knows, has resulted in such well-made songs as "Chapel of Love," "And Then He Kissed Me," "Today I Met the Boy I'm Gonna Marry," "Be My Baby," which have been

sung by such well-made people as Tommy James, Lesley Gore, The Ronettes, the Shangri Las...

A lot has been written lately about Ellie Greenwich's multifaceted career the early days with producers Lieber and Stoller, as "Demo Queen of New York," the hit songs, the hit commercial jingles, the new hit album on MGM Records, the

"showbiz" problems and successes that sound like they're right out of a Betty Grable movie — the world of songs and songwriters. That's public. But Ellie has recently had a few private worlds to talk about as well.

"I've been in it a long time," she says, "ever since I was a kid. I can't remember when I didn't know that I would be a musician, a song-writer. So I've had time all along to look at my work and myself very calmly and see pretty clearly where we're both going.

"I guess I come by my talent honestly. My parents were artists — still are in a way. At one time my father had a Greenwich Village studio and painted. My mother paints, she embroiders, she does crewel work, sews beautifully; she used to make all my clothes. And my sister's a professional dancer. So I never felt odd about my interest in music. The only thing odd, really, is how easy and natural it always was. Especially since I never had the kind of troubles you're supposed to have in the music business.

"I mean, I knew I was going to be a writer, and I wrote, and I never had the problem in selling my songs or my capabilities that everybody seems to have. I'm not smug; I know I've been lucky; but people always listened. I don't mean that I haven't worked hard at what I do — I have. But meeting the right people and getting them to take an interest in me, that all seemed to happen by itself.

"For example, the story that Jerry Lieber and Mike Stoller gave me money when I was starting out just to sit and write music is perfectly true. I didn't have to fight for that. Or beg. Of course, I would have been writing anyway, but that sure helped. No, it's all been the hard work that I love made easy, if you see what I mean." She pauses, reflecting. "But I worked, I really worked."

Ellie sits back, long blonde hair softly framing the expressive face that frequently widens into smiles; her humor is strong and her sensitivity triggers it often. She goes on:

"But with working as hard as I do, I don't have as much time as I'd like for outside interests. Like everyone else in the business, I've had to make a partial choice. My — if you'll pardon the expression — career. It does take precedence sometimes — after all, it's my living — but I won't let it come first. I put a check on myself, otherwise I start to lose sight of the human element. A Tot of people in this business tend to make music their entire life. I won't. I do try to make time. Because, well, I am a musician and I suppose you'd say an entertainer, but actually I'm a very basic person.

"I like my home, I like the things I own, I like to go to movies, I like to listen to all kinds of music, I like all the homey things: seeing friends, cooking dinner for them, buying clothes, going to art galleries and museums. I don't like flashy things.



flashy clothes, flashy furniture — flashy people. I love serenity and calm. I'm a creature of habit. If I get used to one recording studio, I balk at having to record in another one. And I'm a nut for cleanliness; I can't stand dust on the woodwork."

"It's true that I was born in Brooklyn but, underneath, I'm really a country girl. I love getting out of New York (I'm really beginning to hate the city more than ever) into real country — grass and trees and water — and eating and sleeping and letting everything happen naturally. No, not alone, with friends. I hate being alone. I hate travelling alone. I hate anything alone. (I'll tell you the truth, I'm a bit of a scairdy cat.) Oh yes, I have to be alone sometimes, we all do, and I need to be solitary when I'm working. I can't be creative in a crowd, but other than that, I'm an awfully big sharer, in doing and feeling. I love people."

'My work is a reflection of my life, my personal experiences. My songs are simple and emotional. Happy time, happy songs; sad times, sad songs. I'm an extremist. Never have I found a happy middle road. I plunge in. I give it all. Or I withdraw completely. I see my parents every day or I suddenly see them twice a year (luckily they understand). And my emotions! I'm way up or I'm way down (usually up, thank God!). Sometimes I'll get so carried away by what I'm doing that I'll work at it till I've got it finished hours, days. Sometimes it goes slowly or I'm depressed, so I'll leave it and break away for a new inspiration. Not that I can always wait for inspiration. I genuinely love what I do, tough or easy, but now, as a professional writer, I work as necessary. Sometimes I need a phrase or a whole song right now and I've learned that effort is what's required. So I just work harder."

"About my work..." She pauses, grinning. "I don't know if it's the thing to say but I'm not too much into the emancipated female bit, which may come as a bit of a surprise to some people in the music business." She explains, "I am in

total control of all my musical dealings. I can handle everything about my career because over the years I've learned how to. The danger is that everyone sees a big blonde girl taking charge, making decisions, running a recording session — because I've had to; I was the one in charge; the decisions were my responsibility. But down where it counts, I'm really always happier when a man is in control, although I'm still trying to find a way to handle a man in this business; they all feel so threatened; and believe me, I don't threaten anybody."

"Certainly I believe that a woman should be a man's equal in opportunity and salaries and the basics, and I am a business woman. But I'm a woman first, and that's a feeling I don't want to lose. Even though I work in what is largely a man's world — musicians, arrangers, engineers — sometimes I feel I'm almost forced to be 'one of the boys.' Well, I'm not 'one of the boys' and I don't want to forget it or let them forget it either."

"When I have extra time I plan to spend as much of it as possible working with kids. In children's hospitals, or in nurseries. I enjoy children. They get to me. I like their outlook. I like to expose myself to a child's honesty and let it rub off on me. That's really the only career interest I have, other than music — although, I'm curious about things, and lots of things catch my attention. I'll always try something once; like they say, I'll never knock it till I've tried it."

Ellie Greenwich has tried being a writer, and, with the response her songs have had, she's succeeded. She's tried being a singer, and, with the response her new MGM Records album "Let it be Written, Let it be Sung" has had, she's succeeded. She's about to try going out on the road as a performer. No one doubts that she'll succeed there also.



"Hang around here for a month and you'll get to know me well," she says, meaning it. Maybe so, but another way to get to know her is through her work, which also reveals her — as direct, unfancy, likeable, funny, and warm.

"I want to work at being a professional writer and a professional human being," she concludes. "When I'm 50 years old I want to be able to look back and say, 'I did it right!' " Knowing Ellie, when she does look back, the view will be lovely.

HOLLYWOOD

and Round The World With JOYCE BECKER



Santa Monica, Calif ... JIMMY GREENSPOON of the THREE DOG NIGHT rock group has been divorced by his wife, Shirley, after six years of marriage. A spokesman for Mrs. Greenspoon said a \$100,000 property settlement also included a large percentage of Greenspoon's future income and child support for a daughter, Heather, 3.

The Greenspoons were married Nov. 10, 1967. The divorce, on grounds of irreconcilable differences, was granted in Santa Monica Superior Court.

Hollywood ... The American Dream has come true for a gaggle of guys from the backwoods, who set out nine years ago to beat (if not better) the system: Black Oak Arkansas.

The Arkie hotshots have shuttered their offices in glamorous Beverly Hills, Calif.

They've officially moved lock, stock and million-dollar corporation back to their home state, after a prolonged cross-country siege to achieve a series of objectives.

Black Oak Arkansas, Inc., now headquarters in its own building at 307 Highway 5 North, Mountain Home, Arkansas 72653; phone (501) 425-6921.

Manager and family spokesman Butch Stone says business dealings will be augmented by monthly visits to both New York and Los Angeles, with each trip of at least a week's duration.

"It's no secret that our plan has always been to take back the land they took from our fathers," says Stone, "and this move is one of the biggest yet for us."

It follows the slow, systematic purchase of mountain acreage in a remote area of Arkansas, which BOA named "Heaven" and formally established as its own community.

"That's our own little world," according to Stone. "It's ecologically balanced. We have 13 dwellings built so far, as well as the Great Wall of Arkansas to give us privacy.

"All the members of the band, as well as other members of our professional family, are living there now in peace, love and harmony."

The dream began when Butch and the band, branded outlaws by their home com-

munity of Black Oak (population 204), decided to get one-up on organized society.

They formed a band, formulated a plan, then left home to raise the stake that would permit their return in style.

Heaven on Earth.

And, now, business, too, from Mountain Home.

Recording sessions, as well as concerts and television appearances, will continue to take Black Oak Arkansas elsewhere.

But only for as long as necessary to get the job done and earn the dollars that continue to be invested in their home state.

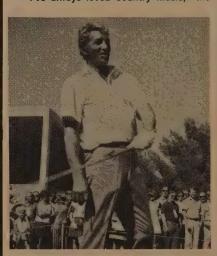
And, meanwhile, another objective has emerged. The members of Black Oak Arkansas, through their corporation, will be looking to discover and develop new talent, not necessarily a new crop of "outlaws," but folks who might benefit from helping, experienced hands.

HOLLYWOOD ... Make room for Marie, 13year old Osmond sister, the one gal in the glorious family, who's now formally and officially embarked upon a solo singing career.

The lovely youngster, who made her professional debut with her performing brothers during their recent headline stand in Las Vegas, currently is completing an album of Country songs in Nashville.

It's being produced by Country great Sonny James and, for release by MGM Records, the label that has the rest of the Osmond clan under lock and profits.

"I've always loved Country music," the



Meanwhile, back in Palm Springs Dean Martin sings out, "Fore"!



Glen Campbell doesn't look too happy about his latest swing.

bright-eyed läss said. "My brothers do, too. I guess Tammy Wynette and Loretta Lynn are my favorite girl singers.

"And Sonny James, to me, is the best male, so that made it especially exciting to hear he'd be producing my records."

LONDON ... Mother Trucker, woman's lib rock group comprising five gals who organized while employed in the trucking industry, has been signed by Ember Records.

Group will cut a debut album in England tentatively titled "Dedicated to the Little Dutch Boy." Members are Billie Simpkins, lead vocals; Leslie Rice-Paddington, guitar; Jackie Ellender, bass; and Freddie Barnes, drums.

NEW YORK ... Yes! It's true! Those silvercoated spectacles seen recently in a New York photographer's studio were (indeed!) Flash Cadillac and the Continental Kids.

After all, everyone has a right to be where they wanna be lookin' like they wanna look.

Whatever it was all about, this ain't the place to say, but stay tuned, or—if you can't stay tuned—at least remember to change your spark plugs after the next 1,000 miles.

The group's manager, Peter Rachtman, flew back to New York, to make sure those Columbia recording sessions with (Jerry) Lieber and (Mike) Stoller were going as planned. (As planned, that is, by L&S. It'd

been Flash's plan not to show up at the studio and really surprise everyone, but that idea proved a Flash in the plan.)

Linda Grey of Levinson Associates, Inc., also flew back to New York. She missed seeing Peter. Come to think of it, she missed seeing the group, too. But that's okay. Everytime she gets near them, they try getting too close to her.

HOLLYWOOD — "My character may show me as a pre-women's liberation women's libber in the 'M*A*S**H' series," declares Loretta Swit, "but that movement bores me, just the same as does militancy.

"People call this the 'age of permissiveness,' "Loretta said. "But I like to think of it as growth. It's closer to reality. It's still not telling it like it is. It's telling it closer to what is is."

In true life, Loretta doesn't think of herself as being anything like the "Hotlips" character she plays. "There's always a common denominator," she said. "It's truth. There are elements of some traits in everyone, but in various degrees."

WASHINGTON ... United Artists Records' talented hitmaker, **Bobby Womack**, at the specific request of Washington's Attorney General, Slate Gordon, performed to an enthusiastic throng of cheering inmates and officials at the State Reformatory in Monroe, Washington.

Womack and his band, Peace, were called back for encore after encore for the performance which was an integral portion of the penal institution's "Black Cultural Expression" program.



However, Andy Williams couldn't be happier.

LONDON ... In a statement issued in Lon-



Robert Goulet a swinger on any end of the club.

don by The Moody Blues, the group has denied any connection whatsoever, with commercials that the U.S. Air Force has been using in their current recruiting drive. The particular commercial in question, used "Dawning is the Day," behind dialogue about the Air Force. No permission was ever given to the Air Force to use this song and the proper authorities have been contacted including Col. Charles Venable, national recruiting director, of Lackland Air Force Base in Texas who promised to recall all the tapes involved. The commercial involved was aired on a U.S. Border station, WUTV, in Buffalo, New York and was seen by a number of people in both Canada and the U.S.

MEMPHIS ... Threshold Records three man rock group Trapeze caused a riot in Memphis, Tennessee when 200 of their fans broke down the fences of the Overton Park Band Shell there when they were unable to purchase tickets.

The Overton Band Shell normally holds 3500 paying customers and police had allowed an additional 1500 tickets to be sold when the Memphis Trapeze fans showed up in full force. Despite this, 2000 fans remained outside the fence, and when Trapeze actually started playing (they had been preceded by three opening acts.) the fans broke down the metal fences and joined the paying customers.

Robert Kelley of Mid-South Productions who promoted the show said that the crowds response was unprecedented in Memphis. Coincidentally, the Trapeze concert was the Overton Shell's last paid event. The fences had been scheduled to go down anyway restricting the stage to free concerts in the city park.

Trapeze was personally signed to Threshold Records by the Moody Blues.

Hollywood, Calif ... La Cienega Lanes was the scene of the first Annual Canned Heat Invitational Bowling Tournament, sponsored by United Artists Records. What had been initiated as a private party for close friends of the UA group, quickly snowballed into a major function with industry-wide participation, and resulted in one of the most open displays of enthusiasm manifested by the Hollywood music community in many years.

Participating were teams representing Chicago, Three Dog Night, American Spring, Steeleye Span, Flo & Eddie, Rare Earth, Ten Years After, Cheech & Chong, and, of course, Canned Heat. In the non-celebrity division, represented were aggregations from Newsweek Magazine, the Los Angeles Free Press, Gibson & Stromberg, the "Gonzos" composed of free lance writers, the Amalgamated Press Agents, and a trio of strong entries from the host company, United Artists Records.

The athletes, trainers, handlers and hundreds of fans who packed the gallery were treated to gratis beer and chili dogs from the internationally-renowned local gourmet mecca, Pink's.

The tourney began with master of ceremonies, Cheech, calling the play - by play action, and conducting celebrity interviews via a remote live broadcast on KMETFM. When the pins finally stopped falling, none other than Canned Heat turned in the highest score. Other winners included Flo & Eddie who bagged highest single game honors and Rare Earth who were awarded the coveted lowest male team score prize. Individual honors were garnered by Patti Mitsui for female high score and to Brian Mitsui for highest single game and highest series, thus making the Gibson & Stromberg staffer the tourney's most valuable player.

The Annual Canned Heat Invitational Bowling Tournament now joins the Superbowl, the Kentucky Derby, and the World Series as a major yearly event on the American sporting scene. A spokesman for sponsor, United Artists Records, revealed that preliminary discussions are already underway for the function to be shown on national television.



Joyce is seen with good friend and multi-million record seller Jerry Vale. The friends had a reunion at a recent bash in Hollywood.

PROGRESSIVE ROCK SONGS

YOU'RE A SPECIAL PART OF ME

(As recorded by Diana Ross and Marvin Gaye)

> GREG WRIGHT HAROLD JOHNSON ANDREW PORTER

Ev'ry time you look into my eyes Can't you see what you mean to me And ev'ry time you hear me speak your name

Can't you see what you mean to me
Um that special tear
That special tear I shed means you're a
part of me
Ooh thoughts of you

Thoughts of you running through my head means you're a part of me
Girl and I'm satisfied
I'm satisfied to know you're a part of me
What I wanna say is, all I want to say is

Is that I love you

And words could not explain how much
I love you

You got to feel that special thing Said I love you and you're that A very special part of me. Girl when the moment comes I'll wipe
the sleep from my eyes

But what I can't wipe away is what I
feel inside

Can't find the cure for not havin' you around

I searched far and near and the cure just can't be found

Oh no you can't move the moon
You can't stop the passing time
Ain't it plain by now you can't move this
love of mine
And it's just as simple
Just as simple what I wanna say is,
All I want to say is, is that I love you

I love you
You got to feel that special thing
Said I love you and you're that

And words could not explain how much

A very special part of me
Very special part and I love you
Words could not explain how much I.

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OOH WHAT A FEELING

(As recorded by Johnny Nash)

JOHNNY NASH

Ooh what a feeling
Hey hey hey
What-a, what-a groovy feeling
I think I'm in love again
I think it's for real
I can't be sure
I can only tell by the way I feel
And ooh what a feeling
What-a, what-a groovy feeling
It hit me so fast
I'm all shook up inside
Will it last I don't know
But I'll take the ride cause what a feeling
Hey hey

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What-a, what-a groovy feeling.

MUSKRAT LOVE

(As recorded by America)

WILLIS ALAN RAMSEY

Muskrat muskrat candlelight
Doin' the town and doin' it right in the
evenin'

lt's pretty pleasin'
Muskrat Suzie Muskrat Sam
Do the jitterbug out in Muskrat land and
they shimmy

Sam, he's so skinny
And they whirl and they
tangle

Singin' and jingin' the jangle Floatin' like the heavens above Looks like Muskrat love.

Chewin' on cheese
Sam, he says: "A-Suzie, honey, would
you please be my Mrs."
She say "Yes" with her kisses
So he's ticklin' her face, rubbin' her toes
Anything goes as he wriggles
I see Sue start to giggle
And they whirl and they twirl and they

Singin' and jingin' the jangle Floatin' like the heavens above Looks like Muskrat love.

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ANGIE

(As recorded by the Rolling Stones)

MICK JAGGER KEITH RICHARDS

Angie, Angie, when will these clouds all disappear? Angie, Angie, where will it lead us from here?

With no loving in our souls And no money in our coats You can't say we're satisfied But Angie, Angie You can't say we we never tried.

Angie, you're beautiful
But ain't it time we said goodbye?
Angie, I still love you
Remember all those nights we cried?
All the dreams we held so close
Seem to all go up in smoke
Let me whisper in your ear
Angie, Angie
Where will it lead us from here?

Oh, Angie, don't you weep All your kisses still taste sweet I hate that sadness in your eyes But Angie, Angie Ain't it time we said goodbye? (Oh, yes).

With no loving in our souls
And no money in our coats
You can't say we're satisfied
But Angie, I still love you Baby
Ev'rywhere I look I see your eyes
There ain't a woman that comes close to

you
Come on Baby, dry your eyes
But Angie, Angie
Ain't it good to be alive
Angie, Angie
They can't say we never tried.

Angie, Angie, when will those clouds all disappear? Angie, Angie, where will it lead us from here?

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PROGRESSIVE ROCK SONGS

THIS TIME IT'S REAL

(As recorded by Tower of Power)

STEPHEN KUPKA EMILIO CASTILLO DAVID BARTLETT

Saw me a girl today
Who walked with such a gentle sway
And I knew from the very start
She was the one who could cop my
heart
I know someday that we could have
them in a special way

I wish I may
I wish I might
Make you my all-star shining bright
And I know I can feel it
This time it's real
And I know I can feel it this time it's

Other girls that I had were fine But they were mainly just to pass the

Though I must confess
I had some fun

Now I know that you're the only one All I can say girl is that I'll love you each and every day

If I may, if I might
Make you the all-star of my life
And I know I can feel it
This time it's real

And I know I can feel it this time it's real Now it's time for me to make my move Girl we got to get in the groovve

It's what we do with what we got
That's gonna put us in this slot
I hope and pray we get together with no
delay

It might be day, it might be night
It don't matter any time is right
And I know I can feel it
This time it's real
And I know I can feel it this time it's
real.

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WE MAY NEVER PASS THIS WAY AGAIN

(As recorded by Seals & Crofts)

JAMES SEALS DASH CROFTS

Life, so they say, is but a game
And they let it slip away
Love, like the autumn sun, should be dying
But it's only just begun
Like the twilight in the road up ahead
They don't see just where we're goin'
And all the secrets in the universe
Whisper in our ears
And all the years will come and go
And take us up, always up.

We may never pass this way again We may never pass this way again We may never pass this way again.

Dreams, so they say, are for the fools
And they let them drift away
Peace, like the silent dove, should be
flyin'

But it's only just begun
Like Columbus in the olden days
We must gather all our courage
Sail our ships out on the open sea
Cast away our fears
And all the years will come and go
And take us up, always up.
(Repeat chorus)

So I wanna laugh while the laughin' is

I wanna cry if it makes it worthwhile I may never pass this way again That's why I want it with you 'Cause you make me feel like I'm more

than a friend
Like I'm the journey and you're the

journey's end I may never pass this way again

I may never pass this way again
That's why I want it with you, baby.

We may never pass this way again We may never pass this way again We may never pass this way again We may never pass this way again.

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I WON'T LAST A DAY WITHOUT YOU

(As recorded by Maureen McGovern)

PAUL WILLIAMS ROGER NICHOLS

Day after day
I must face a world of strangers where I
don't belong
I'm not that strong
It's nice to know that there's someone I
can turn to who will always care
You're always there.

When there's no getting over that rainbow
When my smallest of dreams won't come true

I can take all the madness the world has to give

But I won't last a day without you.

Touch me and I end up singing
Troubles seem to up and disappear
You touch me with the love you're bringing

I can't really lose when you're near
When you're near my love
If all my friends have forgotten half
their promises
They're neat unkind just hand to find

They're not unkind, just hard to find
One look at you and I know that I could
learn to live without the rest
I found the best.

When there's no getting over that rainbow

When my smallest of dreams won't come true

I can take all the madness the world has to give But I won't last a day without you.

So many times when the city seems to be without a friendly face A lonely place

It's nice to know that you'll be there if I need you And you'll always smile

It's all worthwhile.
(Repeat chorus)

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DOBIE GRAY

by Alan Schwartz

Dobie Gray's doing it on the charts, with "Loving Arms" up on the lists and climbing steady. He's called music his bread and butter and it looks like a piece of cake to him these days. But Dobie will never tell you how easy it was — cause it wasn't.

Not that he didn't think it was going to be back in the beginning. "I came to Hollywood thinking I was going to take 'em by storm," he remembers, laughing. "I was going to be an overnight success, going back home a star."

And for a while there, it looked like he was going to do just that. "Six weeks, tops," was the time he gave himself, and it almost happened sooner than that.

On his first day in Hollywood, he heard an ad on the radio, asking for new singers. Figuring he was as talented as the next guy, Dobie forged ahead and called the number. "The guy's name was Sonny Bono,"

His Bread And Butter And Passion

he remembers, "and the record company was called Specialty Records, right down here on Sunset. I thought Bono was the funniest name I had ever heard ... we didn't have names like Bono in Texas, where I came from. Anyway, I got on a bus and came out and he liked me. It was 1964 then."

That same year, Dobie recorded "The In Crowd." Remember the record? It was an instant hit, and so, thought Dobie, was he.

"I had been out on the road on a tour because of another record I cut," he explains, "and I was in Detroit. I asked this cab driver one night what was happening and he told me it was all happening at a place called The In Crowd.

"When I got back to L.A., I told a friend of mine about the club and suggested he write a song based on that idea and he did. But I had one hell of a time getting it out because the record company thought it was too

obscure, too abstract, as they put it. As you know, they did put it out and it became a big hit and kept me working for years."

But it did not send Dobie home a star. Between then and "Drift Away" there was nothing the public took to raving about. He had one hit, but it didn't make him, as he puts it, "a reality." Not that the foreknowledge of all those struggling years to come would have made any real difference in his life.

"If someone had told me it would take this long to become a reality, I wouldn't have believed them."

Meanwhile, however, he did work on a number of tours. But he was plagued with the occupational hazards attendant to personal management and watched a budding musical career descend into a sea of onenighters and very little else.

He based himself out of L.A., studied prelaw in college and concentrated on acting. For as Dobie will be happy to tell you, acting was — and is — his passion. "Acting's where I always wanted to go," he says. "I just happen to make a living singing."

And ironically, music did keep him in bread even through the worst of times, giving him little time for acting even back then. To pay bills, he cut dubs for various writers, and for a creative outlet, he joined a group called Pollution.

"It was a very talented group but we never made any real money. Too many hassles and internal problems. But music's been my bread and butter. If it hadn't been for that, I don't know what I would have done. Whenever I needed bread, Pollution would be playing at some club for a night and I could pick up ten or fifteen bucks, or Paul (Williams) would call me in and I'd cut a demo for him. It kept me going."

Meanwhile, even if it didn't bring in millions, he did do some acting — some of it without too many threads on his body, and in some pretty controversial properties. He played Billy the Kid in the provocative "The Beard," the Bishop in "The Balcony" and he did do a two-year stint with "Hair."

"Hair' was an incredible experience for me, partly because it took me into a different trip all the time. It wasn't exactly that I was straight-laced, but I had been brought up strictly. I was raised by my aunt and uncle in Texas, and they believed in standing up straight, not speaking until spoken to and minding your manners.

"'Hair' made me less inhibited. It was all new to me, but I learned. It's been great food for my soul doing that."

Another liberating factor in Dobie's life has been his involvement with Mentor Williams, brother of Paul Williams, writer of "Drift Away," Dobie's first record for MCA, which would take Dobie off the desperate lists. Mentor also produced the record.

"I met Mentor through Paul. He had asked me to come out and cut a demo for him at the A&M and Mentor was there. We started working together and clicked right off the bat. I liked the way he wrote and he

(continued on page 61)

PAUL WILLIAMS



Seen any good movies lately?
If you happened to catch "Battle for the Planet of the Apes," co-starring a stuffed toy of a boy—it's Paul Williams!

Caught any good albums lately?

If you haven't caught Paul's latest—still untitled at this writing but great from samples we've heard — you are really missing something! And the fact is that you may well catch his compositions on lots of other people's elpees ... like the Carpenters, for example, or Three Dog Night. Fact is, he handed the Carpenters their very first super hit, "We've Only Just Begun." "Out in the Country" wasn't too bad for Three Dog Night, either. And that's only scratching the teeny weeny surface.

Like, did you happen to see a TV film called "The Girls of Huntington House?" If you did, then you remember the beautiful theme song, "If We Could Just Be Friends." Yep, the product of Paul Williams' pen. And how about "Sand Castles," with a theme song of the very same name. That's right—it was written by a tiny—five - feet - tall — imp, who is thirty-two years old, going on twelve!

That's how this diminutive constant composer, sometimes singer, and prettygood actor comes on to friends and foe alike—and for some strange reason, they all wind up loving him in short order. Small in stature, he's big in talent and his writing keeps him in constant demand. He drives a 1935 Bugatti which he claims symbolizes a boyhood fantasy of his—to rub 'elbows with the likes of John Barrymore, Humphrey Bogart, Gary Cooper—the oldies who represent the glamour that was once Hollywood.

It's strange listening to Paul fantasize about those old, old days—and then listening to his music. But he says, modern as it sounds, he is into a whole other thing when it comes to life. "I don't think the sullen sexuality of today's heroes makes you a great singer," he says. And the fact is that Paul's got style.

The style, he insists, goes back to his baby, daydreaming days in his native Omaha, Nebraska. He discovered music early on, as did his baby brother Mentor Williams, not exactly an unknown in the music business, either. He's currently producing Dobie Gray, among other projects, and Paul sometimes gets the funny feeling, "I will someday be remembered as Mentor Williams' brother."

But for a while there, it didn't look like either Paul or Mentor would continue their singing. When Paul was 14, his father was killed in an automobile crash—and it stilled the entire family for some time to come. By the time Paul decided that he was an exhibitionist after all—and did indeed belong in the biz as his fantasies dictated—it was acting that caught his fancy.

Well, if there's one business that's tougher to get into than the music business—it's acting. But he did give it the old try—seven years of trying as it happens, which does make him a full-fledged thespian in his heart if no place else.

(continued on page 47)

BARRY MANILOW



Offstage he's kind of long and lanky and blond and dressed casually in jeans and polo shirt — like a big, gangly, summer kind of kid who ducks his head shyly when he tells you: "I'm from Brooklyn — a born and bred slum kid. I'm the one all the other kids beat up."

But up on stage — in the flash white suit that makes the blond hair and baby blue eyes something else — this is no kid, but a thorough - going, talented, sure - of - himself pro.

His name is Barry Manilow, and word is that the hair used to be red — a very special red that exactly matched the hair of a young lady named Bette Midler. But since Barry — onstage not off — is-pure

show biz, maybe that's not so strange. For the past two years he's been her arranger, conductor and onstage accompanist — and they just kind of look good that way. He was also the coproducer of her first single and elpee. Some will even tell you that he may be the one person behind her success — besides Bette, herself, that is.

Barry will be the first to tell you that Bette's her own whole show — the person most responsible for her own success — or he might never have joined her in the first place. He's been, among other things, a vocal coach — "the hottest coach in town." But he'd already made up his mind to come out from behind the

scenes and do his own thing. However, when Bette approached him, showing him what she could do, "I couldn't turn her down. She was too good."

But there comes a time when boy geniuses who also write, and conduct and direct — he was the youngest musical director ever employed by CBS — want to see if they can't lay their material on an audience themselves.

"I'm very serious about music," he says. "This is no ego trip for me. I just want to contribute."

And anyone who's caught Barry and his Friends onstage, or heard "Sweet Water Jones," or will soon latch on to his first elpee — he is definitely a contributor.

But the real point is that Barry was a success, a recognized force in the behind-



The Divine Mr. M!

In his office Barry gees for lineup Bette Midler's next album.



the - scenes music world for years. He's never not worked --- never had to scratch for his bread any place else.

"My first goal in life," he remembers, "was to be an arranger. I used to listen to the Beatles and Judy Garland and Barbra Streisand, and say to myself, 'Hey, somebody behind them is doing some of this.' And that's who I wanted to be. And I'll be damned — didn't I do it!"

He's not only done for Bette, but he's also had his hand in TV musical arranging — a new theme for "The Late Show," which he's working on now; Mac-Donald's Hamburger TV ads (you've heard him perform them as well as Chiquita Banana, and any number of ads, all of which he includes in his repertoire onstage). He's also worked with Joan Rivers, Ed Sullivan, Sally Kellerman, vou name it.

But once that goal was conquered, Barry started getting other ideas. "Now, I want to be able to make records forever. I gotta be able to play for people who want to hear me ... to see me. Every performer's dream is not to fight the forks and knives - that's what I want when I perform for

an audience."

It's a dream he wanted to make start happening two years ago, he confesses. But then the divine Miss M. came along. But no regrets. "I've learned so much. Maybe I helped her, but she's helped me, too. This whole thing with her has been quite a trip! You wouldn't believe it.

"We're nothing alike in our music, me and Bette," he says. "I'm more like a com-Leon Russell and bination Bacharach ... I think. But my style's really my own. I'm going after top quality.

"But what I learned, being with Bette, is why and what I'm doing here. I've

learned not to, go crazy. I don't deal with performing on as emotional a level as I might if I hadn't been through this. I'm not into the 'love me' thing. Like I said I just want to contribute."

As for his personal life, he doesn't seem to have time for it. He does have a beagle named Beagle, wants a house in the country and feels his pro life is part of his personal life. "We love each other, the girls, the band and me. No drugs, folks - just natural highs."

And listening — and watching — Barry and his Friends perform is enough to give any audience a natural high.

"I'm having the best time of my life," he says, "and I'm thanking my lucky stars."

You can tell it when you watch him and you kind of get the same feeling vourself.



Standing: Irv Bigel-vice president of Bell Records ... in the middle is Barry Manilow and in front is Bell president, Larry Uttal. The occasion was the signing of Barry's Bell recording contract.

by Bobbie G. Jackson

IKE and TINA TURNER are being sued by the Black Panthers. The suit is a result of a dispute which occurred at a show, held at the Oakland Auditorium which was sponsored by the Oakland and World Entertainment, Inc., a Panther Party affiliate. It was attended by almost 2,000 people. The Panthers claim that Ike Turner called off the show after fifteen minutes and fighting developed from there.

A Turner spokeswoman claimed that the show had actually gone on for a good hour. It was also asserted that Turner saw persons entering his dressing room while he was performing, and eventually dispatched guitarist, Jackie Clark, to see what was taking place, while the rest of the band continued to play. During the fracas, Clark later told police, somone took three rings worth \$1200, from his fingers.

At a news conference, the Black Panthers announced they planned to sue Ike and Tina Turner Productions, Inc., for breach of contract and libel. A party statement said: "It is the view of the Black Panther Party that Ike and Tina Turner and their review deliberately attempted to destroy the aim of the program, which was to provide more funds to benefit the black and poor of Oakland and elsewhere.

Panther Chairman Bobby Seale said Turner had earlier caused a delay in the show by refusing at first to accept a \$550 check to complete payment of Turner's \$7500 fee. "He held up the show for one hour," said Seale. "They made the crowd angry, walking off after 15 minutes..."

The Turner version said payment, as stipulated in the contract, was to be in cash, and implied if there was delay in starting the show it was because the Black Panthers did not meet the stipulation. The Turner people also claimed that Ike is considering filing civil charges as a result of the incident.

CARL ANDERSON was named "Entertainer of the Year" in Washington, D.C., by the Honorable Walter E. Fauntroy, Delegate to the U.S. Congress from the District of Columbia, and it was presented at a special showing of the film, "Jesus Christ, Superstar". In the film, Anderson portrays Judas.

AL GREEN and ROBERTA FLACK took top honors as best male and female vocalists in the second annual Soul and Blues Awards.

In the gospel group award, JAMES CLEVELEAND won. For jazz the highest group honor went to THE CRUSADERS. THE OJAYS won for test male vocal group, and THE HONEY CONES got top winnings for the best female vocal group.

In other categories, ROBERTA FLACK scored again, this time with DONNY HATHAWAY, for best duo. GLADYS KNIGHT and the Pips walked off with the best combination group; BARRY WHITE won as best new male vocalist; ZULEMA was chosen best new female vocalist; and BRIGHTER SIDE OF DARKNESS shone some light as the best new vocal group. For best new female vocal group ... FIRST CHOICE won.

Additional awards went to WAR, instrumental; SOUL SEARCHERS, for new instrumental; QUINCY JONES, jazz big band; BILLY PAUL, jazz male vocalist; and ESTHER PHILLIPS, jazz female vocalist. BILLY PAUL's "Me and Mrs. Jones" won for the best song of the year.

Poetess NICKI GIOVANNI is embarking on a new career as a recording artist. She has formed her own label, Niktom, which will be exclusively distributed by Atlantic Records. Her first album is entitled: "Like A Ripple On A Pond". Her poetry is enhanced by the background vocals of the New York Community Choir under the direction of Benny Diggs.

An out - of - court settlement has been reached by the General Film Corporation and the Motown Record Corporation, over GFC's use of the film title "Motown 9000."

The far-reaching agreement also marked a dramatic reunion between Motown and Holland, Dozier and Holland, who will be penning and producing the soundtrack album for the GFC feature, now titled "Detroit 9000."

The settlement has GFC agreeing to the title change for the motion picture, starring HARI RHODES, ALEX ROCCO and VIONETTA McGEE. Further, Motown has agreed to release on their own label, the soundtrack album for the picture. The music industry considered the agreement a landmark, since Holland, Dozier and Holland, owners of Invictus, Hot Wax and Music Merchants Records, had already been tapped to write the title

tune and score the feature. The trio, from the beginning, had been Motown's major songwriting and producing group until a court contested, highly dramatic suit in 1967, when they left to begin their own record firm. The current agreement has Motown releasing and distributing a Holland, Dozier and Holland product, on their own label, for the first time in six years.

For the first time in 2600 years of history, Japan has invited an American entertainer, DIANA ROSS, to the Imperial Palace. Miss Ross was received by the Empress of Japan in a special audience. She was accompanied by Michael Roshkind, Vice Chairman of the Board of Motown Industries, who was the only other person to receive an invitation by Her Imperial Majesty, breaking every precedent for literally thousands of years. Members of the Imperial Royal Family hosted an elite reception at the most exclusive tea house in Tokyo for Miss Ross. Roshkind said that Prince Shijo told him that Miss Ross had made such an enormous contribution toward warmer Japanese-American relations, through her music, and her film, "Lady Sings The Blues".

Those attending the event included more than ten Princes and Princesses and two former Prime Ministers. After visiting the Imperial Palace, Miss Ross and Mr. Roshkind paid their respects to the Crown Prince at his private estate in Tokyo. Miss Ross presented two of her Motown albums to the Empress and two more to the Crown Prince, stating that: "Music is an international language which has brought all people together since the beginning of time."

Incidentally, while she was there, a Japanese film production company, Fuji Productions, has offered Diana five million dollars to star in five movies. They'll be in English and aimed at the American market. It seems the Japanese have taken notice of the approximately \$175 million dollars spent annually by Blacks at the box-office and want a share of the loot. Miss Ross would also receive a percentage of the gross profits ... that is ... if she accepts the deal.

I'm sure that all of you will join me in wishing the incredible STEVIE WONDER, a very speedy and total recovery from his recent automobile accident.

The day had arrived. Crowds of people were filing into the Los Angeles Forum for a sellout performance of Jethro Tull. It had been a year since their last concert, yet the thousands of seats had sold out in

JIE II HRO

by Larry Shulman



The people slowly fill the auditorium with tickets in hand. The anticipation builds. The group on before Tull just passes like a slow blur. The wait is unbearable; the audience gives off a feeling, a vibration, a hum. The first band finishes, the lights come on ... Tull is next! The time seems like forever, but soon the lights dim and it slowly begins. A red dot in the center of a screen starts beating ... growing larger and larger. The sound is an almost-heartbeat, pulsating like a huge metronome. A ballering appears on the screen, slowly rises, then crashes through a mirror into a Passion Play. Two huge clouds of smoke billow forth and the guitarists appear; the walls reverberate with applause and everyone is on his feet. The music builds and out on stage he comes; whirling his flute and dancing up to the mike ... Ian Anderson! The moment has arrived: the concert has begun.

What kind of a group can make an unprecedented four-day sellout concert in one of the largest arenas in the United States? What is the reason for the incredible popularity of this British rock band? Why do they attract such a variety of people? Who is Jethro Tull?

Jethro Tull is a unique phenomenon

amongst rock groups. Most groups attract a select audience with a particular type of music. Loud, screaming, soft, or jazzy; each band has its own style. Tull is different; their music is varied ... different for each song they play. One reason for this variety is the band's versatile leader, Ian Anderson.

Often mistaken for being "Jethro Tull" himself (the real Jethro Tull was an 18th Century farmer who worked on plows and seed drills), lan Anderson is an accomplished musician, best known for his extraordinary flute playing. Now having increased his repertoire of instruments to acoustic guitar, alto saxophone, straight saxophone, harmonica, and mandolin, his album music can be as light and delicate as it is rough and exciting.

Yet the Ian Anderson one hears in a studio recording is totally different than the "mad-dog Fagin", the whirling, spinning clown on the live stage. The off-stage Anderson is supremely rational and articulate; the on-stage Anderson is the devil in disguise, a leading actor in an elaborate play evolved from his concert. It's easy to understand how this visual display leads the audience to believe that it is he who is





Jethro Tull, the entire group rolled into one; but anyone who believes that is mistaken.

Jethro Tull began as a four-man nightclub group, playing small clubs and restaurants in London. The original members forming the group in the winter of 1967 were Mick Abrahams, an incredible lead guitarist, Glenn Cornick on bass guitar, Clive Bunker on drums, and Ian Anderson singing and playing flute. None of the members of the group had much previous experience; yet their talent became obvious immediately and they began to pack the clubs they played.

The popularity of Jethro Tull soon spread to the record industry; Terry Ellis and Chris Wright signed the group on their Chrysalis label. Success grew, and the group's British releases climbed on the record charts. Tull attracted large numbers of fans to concerts and jazz festivals, and the success of the group attracted the attention of an American record company, Reprise Records. Tull signed with Reprise and set plans for the release of "This Was", an album composed of a combination of soft, flowing blues and the hard, biting electric guitar of Mick Abrahams.

The group flew to New York and played to packed houses, stemming from their album's success; but Mick Abrahams and Ian Anderson had decided to go their separate ways. Abrahams was strictly a twelve-bar blues guitarist who conflicted with the progress of a now expanding Jethro Tull. Abrahams soon left Tull and formed a group of his own, Blodwyn Pig. Young Martin Barre was picked to fill in at lead guitar, but he did much more than simply fill in; Barre was innovative and versatile and strongly influenced the group.

Tull returned to England to compose their second album, "Stand-Up". With songs like "Reasons for Waiting" and "Bouree", a new, softer form of music was heard from Tull. At the same time, lan Anderson had room to expand, and came up with harder, more explicit verses found in "For a Thousand Mothers" and "Jeffrey Goes to Leicester







Square" as well.

This change in their music style only increased Tull's popularity in England and the U.S. The group played concerts across the States, and the response to the music and lan Anderson's on-stage antics was tremendous. Tull, however, was not yet a "super group"; the total acceptance of the American audience ... and a gold record were still to be achieved.

The next album, "Benefit", was the group's biggest hit; and finally Tull had its first Gold Album. Once again the style had changed. In "For Michael Collins, Jeffrey and Me", Ian Anderson's writing turned to a topical issue ... America's attempt to land on the moon.

Jethro Tull was entering its fourth year as a successful group, and once again an original member left on his own. Glenn Cornick formed a new band, and left an opening for a bass guitarist. Ian Anderson's long-time school chum and friend, Jeffrey Hammond-Hammond, whose name had appeared in many of Anderson's writings, joined as an excellent replacement on the bass guitar. Anderson had also enlisted the help of a dear friend, John Evan, to fill in on certain

tracks of "Benefit" on organ and piano. His creative talents had given Anderson more freedom in the studio and on stage and he too was made a permanent member of the group.

By now, Ian Anderson's writing had also begun to include strong personal feelings, which would be the entire basis for writing Tull's next album, "Aqualung", which was completed in late 1971 and was one of the finest albums produced by Tull. The addition of John Evan and Jeffrey Hammond-Hammond made the songs seem tightly woven in a perfect blend of lyrics and melody. From the title song, "Aqualung", written by Anderson's wife, Jennie, to the harsh statements found in "My God", the album had almost no weak moments. The real difference between this album and the others was Tull in concert.

"Aqualung" never sounded better than it did on stage. Anderson went from a soft acoustic guitar to incredible flute-twirling breaks. Due to the variety of Tull's music, and the tremendous stage shows they put on, Jethro Tull now surpassed the Rolling Stones in the popularity polls. Ian Anderson was chosen as the top flutist in the world in Playboy Magazine's Jazz and Pop Poll twice; once in 1971, and again in 1972.

By mid-1972, with no new album released, the question was: Could Tull continue the frenetic pace of turning out albums of such variety? Jethro Tull proved it was not to be stopped, however; the album "Thick as a Brick" which was a single, lengthy song, was released in July of that year. The concert tour that summer paralleled the album with a new format for Tull. The stage show performed with "Thick as a Brick" included a huge rabbit, a frogman complete with aqualung, and a telephone on stage which rang mysteriously, provided comedy along with a musically perfect show.

Late in 1972, another change took place in the composition of the group. Barriemore Barlow replaced Clive Bunker on the drums, and soon thereafter, Tull released a double album called "Living in the Past", composed of a reprise of old hits and some new singles featuring Barlow.







Gunhill Road

GUNHILL ROAD Headed In The Right Direction!

by Judy Siegman

It was quite an evening when I set out to interview that rising new folk act called Gunhill Road (named after a subway stop in the Bronx). They were about to open up that evening's concert for the Shaefer Music Festival in Central Park so my time with them was limited, but, nevertheless enjoyable.

After being led backstage to an air-conditioned trailer I found myself greeted by three young musicians ready to answer all and any of my questions. In order of appearance was Steve Goldrich, piano/vocals, Glen Leopald, songwriter/lead vocals, and Gil Roman bass guitarist.

Finally, after all sorts of people stopped running in and out, I was able to get started with some serious talk about their careers. Glen, being the self-proclaimed leader of the trio went on to recall the background for "Back When My Hair Was Short," their first hit single. "A few summers ago, there was a

large outdoor music festival on Randall's Island in N.Y. which drew a lot of young people," he explained. "A man by the name of Burt Tenzer was making a film of that event and wanted me to write a song for it. It was my idea of where that generation of people were at and my reflections on them. The movie was never released, but the song stayed around and since, has gone through many revisions. There were more lyrics regarding drugs and sex which are on the original version but not the single. Our record company didn't want that for commercial airplay."

In fact, what Gunhill Road (ages 21-24) want for the present time is to just record enough hits and reach the success they aspire. They have been together for over four years and have experienced the usual struggle of an act trying to break into the recording business.

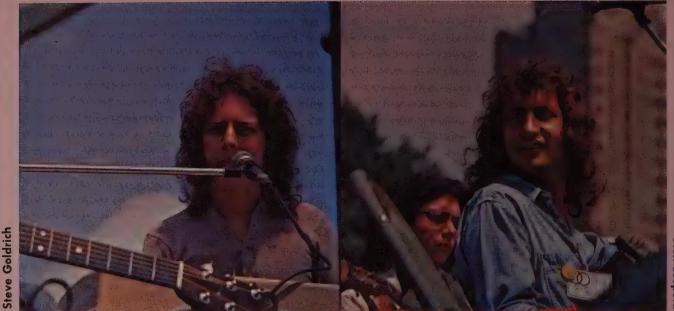
Steve Goldrich related to me, "In the

beginning, before coming to Kama Sutra, we made demos and auditioned for all the major record labels till we finally were heard by a company that liked us. We signed a contract, released one album called "First Stop" on mercury, but nothing happened. There was no promotional buildup. All the promotion that was done was by us alone. We sent copies of our record to all the radio stations and discipckeys and even called them up to see if they received it."

The real break came after Paul Colby, their manager and owner of New York's Bitter End club, introduced them to a friend, Kenny Rogers of the First Edition. This resulted in Kenny bringing them to the attention of the people at Buddah and producing their First album on Buddah's Kama Sutra

But it is Glen who is the driving force behind the group and it is around him that





Gunhill Road first took hold. Being interested in music, he was one of those teenagers growing up in Mt. Vernon, N.Y. who ransacked the record shops searching for anything written by his idols, Carole King, Gerry Goffin and the team of Barry Mann / Cynthia Weil. With their inspiration and his own songwriting talent, Glen joined together with Steve and Gil while in high school to form his own group.

What are their aspirations now that they are making it? Steve, acting as spokesman, told me what the group hopes to achieve musically for themselves and their audience. He believes although "Back When My Hair Was Short" has gotten them recognition, it is not really what they stand for. "That song created a paradox. Once the lyrics were changed and revised the audience also changed. It is the younger people who listen to AM radio and buy the records and the bubble gum effect of that song is what seems to have attracted them to us. We recently played a concert in Vermont and

the promoter had the idea of us being a young bubble gum rock and roll group. I would call our music more folk rock than anything else. We are actually geared to a more mature audience and are able to project that in person," he went on. "When young kids see us in concert they don't expect us to be the way we are. They perceive us differently than the way we come on. Right now we have to record what we think are potential hits so that people will want to come and see us. Then we can go on from there."

Not only are they beginning to achieve

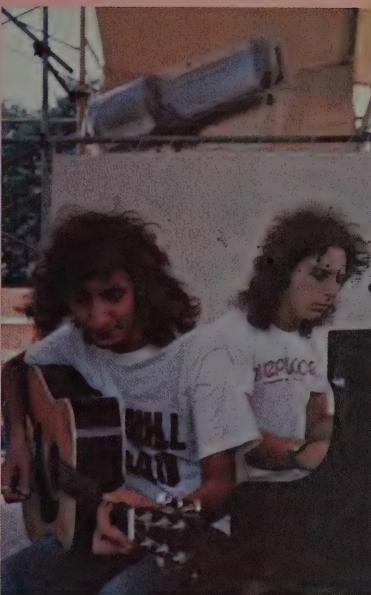
the commercial effect they want, they have already reached the positive attention of music critics who see them technically as a very together act. They are a tight group with strong vocal harmonies, good lyrical songs and a stage presence that spells talent. Glen's lyrics take you down memory lane with nostalgia of the 50's and, as well, into today's progressive folk rock with an urban flavor all its own.

Offstage, Gunhill Road is a friendly trio who possess a sense of humor and comedic air reminiscent of the Marx Brothers. Mutual admirers and friends they have made in the









business include George Grantham of Poco and Brian Madey of Stories, both having contributed their musicianship to the making of GHR's latest album.

In addition to their own recording of "Back When My Hair Was Short" Glen tells me that four other versions of the song will soon be released internationally, one in Australia, two in Nashville, and one in England. And a new single called "Ford, DeSoto, Cadillac," should be on the charts by the time this article is in print. Another ambition for Steve, who taught himself piano, is to continue utilizing his own talent for writing lyrics and hopes to record his self-penned "Common Law Woman" in a future album.

Any way you look at it one thing is certain ... Gunhill Road is traveling on a clear path and it's headed in the right direction.

EDITOR'S NOTE: At press time I was informed by Steve Goldrich that due to a mutual understanding on all persons involved bassist Gil Roman has left the group having been replaced by new member, Paul Reisch.



Seven Musicians In Search Of A StyleOr An Experiment In Music by Allison Ede



Peter Cetera (bass guitar), Jimmy Pankow (trombone), Walt Parazaider (sax), Lee Loughnane (trumpet)

"It's big-band funk ..."

"It's jazz-rock ... or is it rock-jazz?"

"It's experimental!"

"Chicago, bless them, is a band devoid of personality."

"The sound of street music, composed, executed and tempered by training."

"It's a clean machine, devoid of sex appeal, flash and humor."

There's no doubt about it—everybody's talking about Chicago these days—some of it super and some of it sour. Trouble is, it's not always so easy to tell the difference between what the fans and what the critics are saying, and, in fact, what one group is raving about is precisely the same thing that other is rabid about. Chicago, they say, is all things to all men—to the critics un-

committed and without real backbone; to fans, something that is always growing and changing and heading for an ultimate great.

In a way, Chicago itself has fostered this image, feeding the critics as well as the fans. Take, for example, Danny Seraphine, drummer.

"I never wanted to be in one bag. That's why I lack style," he confesses. "I know I could play rock and roll drums as well as anybody, but I just don't get off as much playing just that anymore. I'm looking for sensitivity which rock and roll lacks. Some people find that hard to understand."

And the truth is that Danny could—and has played—rock and roll professionally and well. But to hear a guy

admit he "lacks style" can shake a fan up, unless he's been into Chicago and has heard—rather than intellectually understood—what all of these guys are aiming for. It's not a lack of commitment, they insist, but simply an attempt to keep their individual heads open to all music.

As Walt Parazaider, on woodwinds, puts it: "You can't expand your horizons just listening to or playing one style."

And Walt knows lots about a variety of styles. Chicago-born, his musical education began with the classics, went on to jazz, the big-band sound, and while at De Paul University (also in Chi), he met Terry Kath, guitarist, who introduced his new pal to rock and roll.

The fact is that all the guys in Chicago have that kind of broad background.

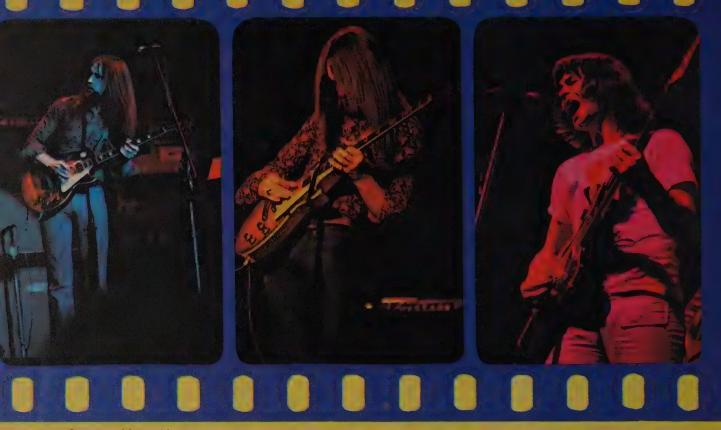


PROGOL HARUM: They Got ELEGANGE

There probably isn't anyone who hasn't heard "Grand Hotel" at this point. Yet so beautiful is this album, and so unique, that you just can't talk about Procul Harum, or maybe even the current music

scene in general, without mentioning it, and for more than one reason. To begin with, for lyricist Keith Reid and composer Gary Brooker, it is a triumph over five years that have not been without hassle ... or unhappiness, either, they quickly add. However, we must quickly add, that though this is Procol's seventh album, hassling even delayed "Grand Hotel" for a year. More important, however, in



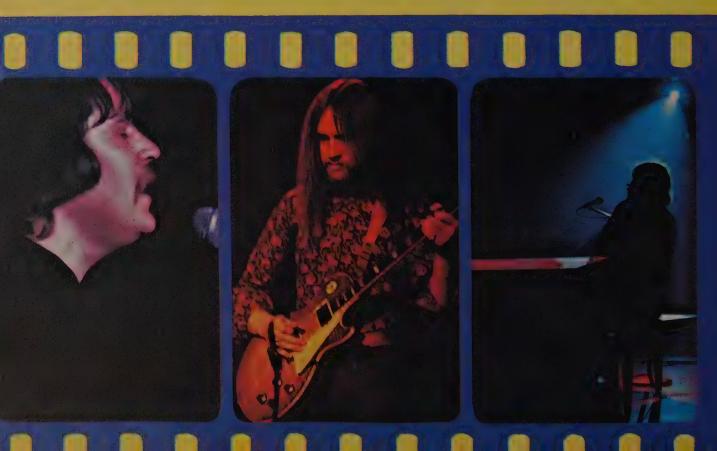


terms of song-writing, this LP does represent a kind of apex of their talent, the most beautiful thing they've done, a capping of everything they seemed to be aiming for.

For Chris Copping, on organ; Mike Grabham, guitarist; Alan Cartwright on bass and B.J. Wilson on drums this is the evolution of a sound that is very important. It is as exciting and dramatic as anything that glitters or freaks out on stage these days and nights. Yet it has an elegance, a grandeur, a genuine untricky beauty of the kind that hasn't been heard on the music scene in a long, long time. But like all new "babies," it didn't get

born without pain.

Like we said, Procol's been on the scene some five years, in England, but wasn't known here in the States until about a year ago. It was then that they recorded and released "Procol Harum Live In Concert With the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra and the De Camera





Singers." The Edmonton Symphony Orchestra, etc., was Canadian, which is where the record was made. But despite the unwieldy title, and the sharing of credits, this was the groups first commercial success, and won them their first gold record. And they did, indeed, want to follow up quickly with another album

they just knew had to be a success. It was called — as it is now — "Grand Hotel" — and if anyone wants to go back and read the credits, just the Procol group, please, will understand just why the disc was delayed.

The recording of "Grand Hotel" did commence, in fact, back then, at AIR

Studios in London's West End. However, Edmonton proved such a hit, that an immediate tour of America was arranged — they were shrieking for the group. So, with a little more than a few hours in the studio completed, they took off for the States.

(continued on page 60)



NUHOL

In our last issue, we did a piece on Edgar Winter — which went right back to the days when he was part of a duo called the Albinos. We mentioned then that the other half of the blond, blond team was Edgar's, brother — the one he never talked about, and whom we decided to leave anonymous for the moment. But Johnny Winter has decided not to remain anonymous for one moment longer ... if, indeed, he ever really was. He's been out of the public eye for the past year and a half, during which he's made lots of changes in his style of music as well as his style of living, and some of those transitions are fascinating. But most important, Johnny, the Snowman from Texas, is alive and well and kicking up a musical storm right out here in sunny Cal., and in every big city that cares about music.

That's where we caught up with Johnny, in California, where he was taping a TV "Midnight Special," and where he promised us an exclusive interview. But there was lots of trouble before we got our chance to talk to JW. The show just wasn't equipped acoustically for the loud blues of the White Knight. And the crowd there just couldn't wait to see

him again.



When he got on stage, a frenzied holler went up that could be heard clear over to

WINTER

the Johnny Carson set. Johnny, a big smile on his face, jumped into "Jumpin' Jack Flash." Suddenly a loud buzzer went off and a voice said, "Mike, could you get out of the way of camera two? Let's have another take on that song from the beginning."

Johnny's face flushed as a wave of groans went through the audience. But start again he did, and the crowd started to jump. The backstage crew looked bewildered at the spectacle, and pulled their ear muffs over their heads so's not to blow their minds — like everybody else on the pure Southern blues-rock. Then came the buzzer again: "I'm getting feedback take it over."

Johnny turned his back so nobody could see him, and the audience let out a cry like babies being deprived of their milk. They loved Johnny, all right, and he loved them ... but the troubles never seemed to end.

When we finally got to Johnny - and he to us — it was the morning after, a real bummer of a hangover. But the Big Blond's no brooder and once we got the night before over with, he really opened up. Here then, from tape to type, is that interview. O (your reporter Oliver Akin): There were a lot of problems last night, weren't there? J (Johnny): Too many. I felt like saying --and walking out. I knew something was wrong right from the afternoon rehearsals. I didn't want to play that afternoon. Something felt wrong - like the feeling you get when you hear a rooster crow at sunset instead of sunrise. Me and the band always play at night, not during the day. It was too early. It's kind of like ... oh, drinkin'. Can't get into serious playing or drinking at two p.m. in the afternoon. Neither of my two drummers could get it at two in the afternoon. Two drummers are more fun than one.

I usually only go on tour with one, but my other guy, Mike, was between gigs, and I thought it would liven up the stage act with him on as a second drummer. He's jammed with me before and I like his sound. Of course, I only go into the studio with one drummer, but the studio is serious business. Touring has to be made fun, otherwise it gets to be a drag. That's why Suzy (a lovely lady who is Johnny's girl) is with us, too -- to spice up the show and the road.

O: You've done lots to liven up the show. Those flashy jump suits are wild. Last time, I saw your show you were toting some old Levis and a dark jacket. Randy (Hobbs, the bassist) had a gangster hat he's traded in for a fur number. Looks like the band is into genuine flasheroo, something that Edgar's been into for a long time. Course, he was into styling on stage before anyone. By the way, seems to me that Randy Hobbs has



been in a few Winter bands, for both you and Edgar. (Johnny nods.) Where is he and the rest of the band anyhow?

J: Oh they are at the Continental Hyatt House. They like the loud noise and the parties over there. I wanted some peace and quiet so me and Suzy are staying at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

O: I was by the Hyatt House last night. Led Zeppelin had a party there. Do you know the group?

J: Yeah, I remember when they played Memphis — or was it New Orleans — can't remember which and they had a double stand. Well, somehow, they didn't know they had two shows to play and they were all drunk off their British you-know-whats. Anyway, right after the set was over they stumbled off stage, drank down some more and said to their manager, "Alright, let's shove off." He said, "What do you mean? You still have another show to do in 20 minutes." They all freaked out and started complainin'. Somehow they pushed 'em on stage and they started playing. Right in the middle of the first song, the drummer passed out. Just out! Nothing could wake him out of it. So they finished the show with guitar, bass and singer. Folks got awful riled. I was gonna call them up last night and say something pretty awful — and then have a good laugh with them. Those are a great bunch of guys.

O: Being a big rock star, you must get in contact with a lot of groupies.

J: I don't mess with 'em. I got my old lady Suzy on tour with me she keeps me out of trouble. You got a match on you?

O: What are you gonna light up?

J: A Kool! That's all I smoke. Real smooth on the throat. Well I want to go down for a swim. It's gettin' hot.

O: Hot like Texas?

THE WHITE KNIGHT

by Oliver Akin

J: Hell, no. Texas hot is completely different. You walk outside and your clothes stick to you in a second.

O: Is that where you are living?

J: No, too many hassles over there. They don't want any long hairs or hippies out that way. They'd soon as take a stick to your head than look at you. Buncha rednecks out that way.

Neil our photographer, asks if he can take some pictures.

J: Sure, I love to have my picture taken. Could you send some of those to me to my parents house? It's the only place where I'll be sure they won't get taken. Edgar and I always have our mail sent there.

Neil rambled on about a certain photo he had taken two years back when the group was touring with Savoy Brown. Johnny was top naturally. It was a double-night stand he had seen at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium.



J: I remember that night. Didn't like it too much. It was a double concert. I hate playing those. They screw ya up no matter how hard you try not letting it. You have to pace yourself the first show so you don't run out of gas on the second. You say to yourself, "I know I gotta do another show but I'm still gonna give it almost everything I got" Well, with that in your head, there's no way you can have a good first show 'cause you're gonna be holding back although ya ain't thinking about it. By the time the second show comes along, you say the heck with it, I'm gonna rock 'n' roll. The folks in the first show got ripped off and the ones in the second get more than they payed for. But I always wanta give 'em more.

O: Rick Derringer had all these butterflies patches on the jeans he was wearing that night. Do you remember those?

J: There's a little story behind that. When we were playing Fillmore East, Rick wore those jeans out. He'd be jumpin', grindin', squattin', and shakin' in those jeans. The seam of the pants kept rippin' each night he was in

'em. The first night, someone had said something to him about how he didn't want him hanging out of those. Second night the same guy went crazy and said he wouldn't let us on unless Rick's jeans stayed in one piece. So it was the first night Rick ever played with a different pair of jeans.

O: I haven't heard from Rick since Edgar's "Road Work" album.

J: He produced my last album. I could never have done it. I don't know how to work all those buttons in the control booth. All I could do was say, "It sounds too trebly or give it more bass." Rick knows exactly how I want it to sound. He's just tired of going on the road. So he's writing and playing. Should be out with his own album. Maybe he'll come along next tour with his own group. It was good times playing with him and my brother on that "Roadwork" album.

O: Edgar's been having a little bad luck on the road over the past couple of years. I remember seeing him and Jerry LaCrouix after his drummer got killed in that fight in Chicago.

J: He shouldn't have messed with those karate guys. But I suppose he didn't know at the time — till it was too late. Well, that is in the past.

O: I hear Edgar's lost another guitarist.

J: There was a time when Edgar was playing with a different guitarist every night for two weeks. He'd get into town, rehearse with a guy all day, play a gig at night, and then drop the guy next day 'cause he didn't have the sound of the band.

O: How often do you see your brother?

I: Not a lot He's on the road when I'm in

J: Not a lot. He's on the road when I'm just getting off and I'm going on when he's gettin' off. Whenever there's spare time, we're in the studio. So I don't get to see him too

By this time, we had arrived at the pool area. We settled down and Suzy ordered drinks for us all.





O: Johnny, how long will it take you to get a dark tan out here?

J: I don't tan. I just turn pink.

O: I gotta ask you a few stock questions, like what is your favorite city?

J: Toronto without_a doubt. I have the most fun there than anyplace. Everyone loves me in Toronto. It's one of the few places that I look forward to playing at.

O: You must see a lot of fascinating sights in big cities and places on the road.

J: No, only three regular places everywhere I go — the airport, the motel room and the gig I play at. When I get off the road, friends will ask, "Johnny did you see this or that? Did you go here or there?" I don't hardly get to see anything when I'm on the road. Just those three places.

O: You played here at the Palladium last week, but my partner or myself were not able to see you. Teddy (the head tour coordinator) would not let photographers in the

J: He wouldn't? Why, I didn't hear about that!

O: Teddy must be keeping the security tight. I remember the last couple of times you or your brother have been here. Teddy did everything in his power for us.

J: Security is tight on the road. That's the way I like it. Otherwise you have all these people hangin' 'round backstage or somewhere and you can't even tune up. 'Course, friends are different. I was gonna go to that Led Zep concert last night but I knew how that group's security was and I didn't feel like causing anybody problems. It just gets to be a hassle sometimes.

O: Do you mind if I ask you some personal questions?

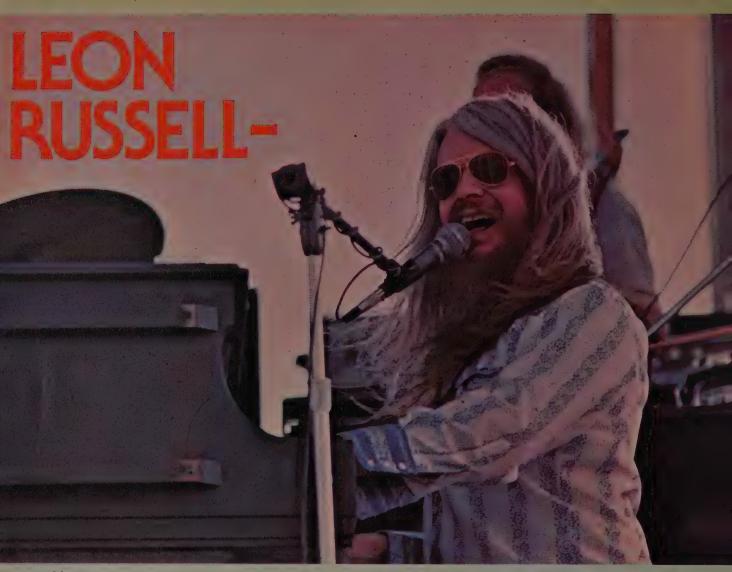
J: Don't mind. I just won't answer.

O: Had you ever thought of doing a Country-Western album?

J: I've had that on my mind for a spell. When I have some spare time, I'll go down to...

O: Memphis?

J: No, man, Bakersfield! Bakersfield is the new Country-Western capital. Buck Owens made sure of that.



"I'll Put On A Show For You · · If You Put On A Show For Me"

Nancy Bellamy



It's not just a request, it's a demand! You know it the minute he says it. And so what if you give up tootsie rolls, lunch and maybe even socks for a year just to save up the pennies tobuya black market ticket to his concert. When he gets up there and makes the bargain with you, you're going to keep it. So what if you had to stand on line for a week just to be able to see him for a couple of hours. When he stands up and says, "I'll put on a show for you ... if you put on a show for me," well, you know you're just gonna do it. That's right, for Leon Russell you will.

How many performers around today ... or any day, for that matter, can carry off a statement like that? Such independence of spirit coming from an entertainer is usually greeted by an audience with:

(continued on page 62)

RAISED ON ROCK

(As recorded by Elvis Presley)

MARK JAMES

I remember as a child I used to hear music that they played with a feel Some called it folk, come called it soul (But) People, let me tell you it was rock and roll.

t was raised on rock
Got that rhythm in my soul
Ev'ry day when I got home I turned on
the radio
And listened to the music that my, my
idols made
i knew ev'ry single record the DJ's
played
From Honky Tonk, Hound Dog, Johnny
B. Goode, Chain Gang, Love Is Strange,
Knock On Wood
I was raised on rock

Got that rhythm in my soul

I was born to love the beat of a thing

called rock and roll.

Some thought it was a fad, thought it would pass

But the younger generation knew it would last

Time's gone by and the beat goes on Ev'ry time I hear it, it takes me home. (Repeat chorus)

Mother played me recordings of Beethoven's Fifth, Mozart's Sonatas, down the classical list My papa loved to listen to those country songs While I was in the back room digging

I was raised on rock
Got that rhythm in my soul
I was born to love the beat of a thing
called rock and roll.

the Stones.

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(As recorded by Bette Midler)

FRIENDS

BUZZY LINHART MARK KLINGMAN

And I am all alone
There is no one here beside me
And my problems have all gone
There is no one to deride them
But you got to have friends
The feelin's oh so strong
You got to have friends
To make that day last long
I had some friends but they're gone.

Something came and took them away
And from the dusk to the dawn
Here is where I'll stay
Standing at the end of the road boys
Waitin' for my new friends to come
I don't care if I'm hungry or cold
I'm gonna get me some of them
'Cause you've gotta have friends

La la la La la La la la Friends.

That's right You, oh You, yeah You

I said you got to have some friends
I'm talking about friends
A-that's right friends
Friends, friends, friends
I had some friends but they're gone.

Something came and took them away
And from the dusk to the dawn
Here is where I'll stay
Standing at the end of the road boys
Waitin' for my new friends to come
I don't care if I'm hungry or cold
I'm gonna get me some friends
'Cause you gotta have friends
Yeah friends
I gotta meet my
I gotta meet my
I gotta meet my

Look around and see all of my friends.

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ALL I KNOW

(As recorded by Art Garfunkel)

JIMMY WEBB

I bruise you
You bruise me
We both bruise too easily, too easily
To let it show
I love you and that's all I know
All my plans are falling through
All my plans depend on you
Depend on you to help them grow
I love you and that's all I know
When the singer's gone let the song go

But the ending always comes at last Ending always comes too fast They come too fast But they pass too slow I love you and that's all I know.

When the singer's gone let song go on It's a fine line between the darkness and the dawn

They say in the darkest night there's a light beyond But the ending always comes too fast

Ending always comes too fast
They come too fast
But they pass too slow
I love you and that's all I know
That's all I know
That's all I know

That's all I know.
That's all I know.

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BACK IN THE HILLS

(As recorded by Blue Ridge Rangers)

J.C. FOGERTY

This ol' push and shovin' city life Lord, it's really got me down I'm goin' back, leavin' here tonight Get my feet on the ground.

I'm goin' back
(Back in the hills)
I'm goin' back
(Back in the hills)
Goin' back
(Back in the hills)
Tonight
(Back in the hills)
(Repeat).

My time is done for livin' on the run Chasin' money-makin' schemes Stealin' success takin' all the rest Empty hearts and shallow dreams. (Repeat chorus)

Tell your Pa I'm gonna leave it all He won't be seein' me around And if you like, come along tonight Put your feet on the ground. (Repeat chorus)

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Look in the mirror and stick out my tongue!

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KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door DOOR

(As recorded by Bob Dylan)

BOB DYLAN

Mama, take this badge off of me I can't use it anymore It's getting dark, too dark for me to see I feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's

Mama put my guns in in the ground I can't shoot them any more That long black cloud is coming down I feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

(Repeat chorus)

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SUCH A NIGHT

(As recorded by Dr. John)

MAC REBENNACK

Such a night it's such a night Sweet confusion under the moonlight Such a night such a night

To steal away the time is right Your eyes caught mine and at a glance you let me know that this was my

And you can't help it, my best friend Jim And here I am trying to steal you away from him

Oh, but if I don't do it you know somebody else will

If I don't do it you know somebody else

If I don't do it you know somebody else

If I don't do it you know somebody else

And it's such a night it's such a night Sweet confusion under the moonlight It's such a night such a night

To steal away the time is right Yet I couldn't believe my ears and my heart just skipped a beat when you told me to take you walking down the street Oh yeah you came here with my best friend Jim

Here I am and stealing you away from

Oh but if I don't do it you know somebody else will

If I don't do it you know somebody else will

If I don't do it you know somebody else will

If I don't do it you know somebody else will

Cause it's such a night such a night.

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LET ME IN

(As recorded by Osmonds)

ALAN OSMOND WAYNE OSMOND MERRILL OSMOND

Lovin' you could be so easy Lovin' you could make me warm Ever since the day I left you I try but I just can't get you out of my mind

Thought that I could do without you Thought I had to look around But now that I know I need you And promise that I'll never leave you Won't you please.

Let me in Let me in your arms again Let me give my love to you Once more Let me love you Take me in Take me in your arms to stay And I'll never go away again 'Cause I love you 'Cause I love you I'll never be the same without you.

If I have to say goodbye I have no right to ask you But if you can won't you try to love me (Won't you try to love me and) Help me (I need you so badly) And let me

(And let me) Let me.

Let me in, let me in your arms again Let me give my love to you once more Let me love you

Take me in, take me in your arms to stay And I'll never go away again: 'Cause I love you (cause I love you) Let me.

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TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT THE WOMAN YOU'RE

(As recorded by Wilson Pickett) WILSON PICKETT **BRAD SHAPIRO**

You have proved yourself in bein' a way-out auy

Lord, even the suit and hat you're wearing have Superfly

But if you ain't gettin' down with it like you know you should

If your woman don't dig it, it ain't no good

Lord have mercy Sock it back to her like she socks it to you Let that woman know that you can please her too

Get down with it like you know you should

> If your woman don't dig it It ain't no good Lord have mercy How 'bout that

One more thing I'm gonna say right

Lord ho Take a closer look at the woman you're

with Lord have mercy

Can't you feel her heart pounding long about midnight

What are you looking for in that other direction

When standing right beside ya is true love and affection

Yeah take a closer look at the woman you're with

Can't you feel her yearning to be loved Lord have mercy

Can't you feel her heart pounding long about midnight

What are you looking for in that other direction

When standing right beside ya is true love and affection

Yeah take a closer look at the woman you're with.

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HEY LITTLE GIRL

(As recorded by Foster Sylvers)

D. BURTON E. RANDOLPH

Hey little girl in the high school sweater Gee but I'd like to know you better Swingin' your books and chewin' gum You look just like a juicy plum Hey hey he - he - he - hey Little girl, little girl, little girl.

Hey little girl in the black knit stockings Gee but you got my heart rockin' Dig that skin tight skirt And that crazy athlete shirt Hey hey he - he - he hey Little girl, little girl, little girl, little girl.

Hey little girl can I come along Can I carry your books and - a hold your

A-hopin' that you'll tell me yes Cause you're the girl that I love the best Hey little girl, little girl, little girl.

Hey little girl in the high schol sweater Gee I hope you're feeling better Not just like the day before Remember when you closed that door Hey little girl, little girl Little girl, little girl.

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FELL FOR YOU

(As recorded by the Dramatics)

TONY HESTER

Like a star slipping out of place Sliding from the sky Tumbling thru space When you touch my hand I swear I feel like I'm falling.

Like a wheel Whirling 'round and 'round Rolling down a hill Spinning on the ground Your kisses make me dizzy in the head Like I'm falling, falling.

Oh oh girl I think that I have fell for you.

I was a bird Soaring thru the air Flying fancy free without a care Until you clipped my wings Now look at me I'm falling, falling.

> Yeah - here I go Down and down I go I can't help myself Girl you thrilled me so Girl you blew my mind And I know I'm falling, falling.

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by Robert Magnus

As of this writing, DAVID BOWIE, is recording a new album. The strange thing about this one ... is the recording studio. It is being recorded at the chateau of the classical composer, Frederic Chopin, in Switzerland. The house has been, for the time, transformed into a complete recording studio. Someone really ought to check out Chopin's grave ... at least to see if he's turned over!

Is there nothing that will stop "That Man?" Word has it that BOWIE is in the midst of trying to obtain the rights to the classic novel, "1984" by George Orwell. The book which, for it's time, was pretty hot stuff, was made into a film in the fifties. However, nobody has ever attempted to set it to music!

That not being least ... we've also heard that Dear David is dickering with the famous choreographer, Dejart, of The Dejart Ballet, to collaborate with him, in the creation of a new ballet. David wants to write it and do all of the music himself. (Is there no end to the lad's aspirations?)



Here's the calm before the storm, as Three Dog Night prepares to do one of their sell-out concerts. From left (front) Floyd Sneed, Chuck Negron, Jack Ryland; (rear) Michael Allsup, Cory Wells, Jimmy Greenspoon, Danny Hutton.

JOHN PHILLIPS, leader and songwriter of the now defunct, THE MAMAS AND THE



Blue is composed of Hughie Nicholson, lead singer and songwriter who formerly was leader of Marmalade, Timmy Donald, drummer, Ian McMillan, bassist, and Jimmy McCulloch, guitarist. McCulloch was with Thunderclap Newman (remember ""Something In The Air") and then Stone The Crows, a very successful English group, and Donald, and McMillan used to be signed to the Beatles Apple label with a group called White Trash (no relation to Edgar Winter's group of the same name.)

PAPAS, has filed suit against the group's former record company, ABC-Dunhill, with "the systematic cold-blooded theft of perhaps up to \$60 million from each and every artist who recorded for the company over a seven year period." Asked how much he may have lost over the seven year period ... 1964-1970, Phillips replied: "I've made quite a few millions and I think I've been defrauded out of more than I've made." He said the alleged conspiracy affected not only all artists on the label, but also "every composer whose material was used, and every publisher who licensed the use of the material. Necessarily, this included thousands of people not only in America ... but throughout the

Police in New York still have not come up with any more leads in the rip-off of \$180,000 in cash, from the safe of the Drake Hotel. The money belonged to LED ZEPPELIN, who were staying at the hotel. The group was in town making an appearance at Madison Square Garden. The money represented cash receipts from the first two of three sold-out performances. The police determined that the hotel safe deposit box had not been tampered with or found forced opened.

The opening of the unpredictable IGGY POP, at Max's Kansas City in New York, left quite a few people hanging with some rather silly expressions on their faces. With his platinum hair, his polo shirt and a gigantic plastic hairbrush handle sticking out of his Midwestern jeans, Iggy played to a crowd which included LOU REED and ALICE COOPER. Considered rather reserved during his first performance,

Iggy pulled the stops out at his second performance. The show on the following evening had to be postponed, due to injuries which Iggy inflicted on himself — while onstage during the first show.

It is really good to see Iggy back in form again, after having disappeared from the rock scene for over two years. We understand that it was DAVID BOWIE who was responsible for getting Iggy started again. It seems that Bowie had been a fan of IGGY & THE STOOGES in the old days. We've also been informed that David derived his concept for his album, "Ziggy Stardust", from his association with Iggy.

Just in case you didn't know, Van MOR-RISON is not a Rock 'n Roll performer. The reason I emphasize that, should be apparent from a statement recently made by Morrison: "I'm not a rock 'n roll performer and I never was. I've made rock and roll records ... but then I've also made jazz records and Country and Western records. I'm a musician and a singer. Someone is always trying to give you a label!-' (So there ... Don't make that mistake again!)

I've heard that PATTI ANDREWS of the famed 1940's sister group, THE ANDREWS SISTERS, has been getting into BETTE MIDLER's hit single of "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy of Company B." The song was a big hit for the Andrew Sisters in 1941. They introduced it in a film which they made with Abbott & Costello, "Buck Privates." Patti Andrews said: "When I first heard it on the radio, I was certain it was us, until the ending. She copied everything but the ending. But it's great. Makes me feel that the Andrews Sisters' style is coming back again." (This may sound heavy ... but as

far as I'm concerned ... Bette Midler is a rip-off artist!!!)

CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG have decided to postpone their scheduled tour. "The music is incredible," an aide was heard to say. Meanwhile, Stills has recorded his next album in London. It's titled: "Stolen Stills." Most of the numbers feature only him and DALLAS Taylor on various instruments. Neil Young's film, "Journey Through The Past," may open at last. He and his manager were recently in Boston, checking out theaters for the film's premiere.

Once again, THE BEATLES are involved in a court case. This one concerns the Robert Stigwood Broadway production of a musical based on the Beatle album, "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Band." PAUL McCartney says he has not authorized, and is, in fact, opposed to the production. He and JOHN LENNON have instructed their attorneys to "take all steps necessary" to protect their rights. Peter Brown, head of Stigwood's American branch, asserts: "We bought the rights from Northern Songs (publishers of the music in question) and the problem seems to be a lack of communication between Northern Songs and Paul McCartney." Both John and Paul have multi-million dollar suits pending against Northern Songs for alleged failure to pay them their proper royalties.

The big scoop around town is that we finally know what ALICE COOPER's real name is. Until now, Alice has refused to tell anyone (including yours truly) what his real name is. Time Magazine recently reported that the Mystery Name is — are you ready??? It's VINCENT FURNIER!!!

Inside dirt: DAVID BOWIE's managers are reportedly trying to sell some of the songs David has written to ... can you believe it ... FRANK SINATRA! (I just can't imagine Sinatra in glitter and rhinestones ... but who knows?)

Still have not substantiated the gossip going around that DAVID BOWIE is the reason for marital difficulties presently existing between MICK JAGGER and the lovely BIANCA. (Personally, I don't believe it!)

Sorry to say that CAT STEVENS' recent A&M release, "Foreigner" is rather disappointing. I really feel that Cat is becoming a little too elusive, both lyrically and musically. But, he has come through with a lot of nice things in the past ... so we'll be listening for more to come.

The whole music industry was saddened by the early death of writer and columnist LILLIAN ROXON. Miss Roxon had recently published "The Encyclopedia of Rock." Her funeral was attended by scores of rock musicians and performers. Also in attendance was Warhol's superstar, CANDY DARLING. Miss Darling arrived wearing orange chiffon pajamas. She said: "I realize that most people would have worn black ... but I'm sure that Lillian would have wanted it this way."

PAUL WILLIAMS

(continued from page 21)

"When people ask me what I do for a living," he laughs, "I feel like saying I'm an actor who's been between jobs for four years."

Well, not quite. He did make some films, did some stage work—some of it even memorable. He had good roles in "The Loved One," and "The Chase," and like we said, catch him in "Battle for the Planet of the Apes."

What brought Paul back to the music business? It was while doing a film. It's the most boring routine in the world, with lots of time when nothing at all seems to be happening ... especially among the actors. That's when Paul learned to play the guitar. That was back in 1965, though it wasn't until 1967 that he bought his first guitar. By that time he knew about three major records, but it was enough to get him writing, "Huge 27-verse protest songs." For some reason — it's the biz, some would say shrugging — that ability got him a job, not writing songs, but writing comedy sketches for Mort Sahl! But through his job he did meet Biff Rose.

Paul and his wife (he's divorced now) moved in with Biff and his lady and they started writing songs. They attracted the attention of A&M Records, who hired them. Well, the duo didn't work out—and Paul, himself, almost bombed out on several occasions. But A&M had faith—as they still do today—and Mr. Williams still calls their offices home.

Actually, Paul didn't know how long, back then, he was going to be able to call it home. None of his songs seemed to be working out.

Then he and Roger Nichols were asked to do a commercial for a bank, of all things. The theme was to be a young couple just starting out—with the bank helping the newlyweds along. The song was "We've Only Just Begun." That's right, that little number began as a commercial.

People started recording it as a pop thing, so Roger and Paul added on to it, and had themselves, and the Carpenters, a real live thing.

From there the list of Paul Williams' hits for other artists grew — "Rainy Days and Sundays," "Cried Like A Baby", "Old-fashioned Love Song," "Talk It Over In The Morning," "So Many People," etc.

Yet he does have the enthusiasm of a small boy for every project he tackles. But he tackles every one of them with the control of a very experienced pro. He'd like to write screenplays, has two scripts, in fact, and is considering starting a novel. And he certainly wouldn't turn down any good acting roles. As he said, he may just be an actor who kind of writes, sings and what-have-you between jobs.

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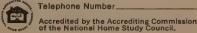
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LITTLE GIRL GONE

(As recorded by Donna Fargo)

DONNA FARGO

Here I am like a stranger in the house I grew up in And learned right from wrong in, if I did

Where the sun never shined enough on daddies growing older

And mothers never died in, but she did.

And I remember feeling guilty 'cause I couldn't wait to leave here

Tho' I loved 'em every way that I knew how

So I packed up all my yesterdays and headed for tomorrow

And it's almost tomorrow now And Daddy's little girl is home, but where's the little girl gone?

She bundled up her dirty jeans and teenie bopper magazines

In search of what her life was all about With a little rag doll named Charlie Brown

And an ole suitcase full of hand - me downs

And a loneliness she knew so much about.

Now the dreams that I trusted; and all the play - things have rusted But here I am a woman somehow And all those growing pains of yeterday are gonna get me thru tomorrow 'Cause it's almost tomorrow now And Daddy's little girl is home, but where's the little girl gone?

Oh, but I can still remember when I used to gaze out this window Wondering who I was and what I would become And it just took a little while for me to get my head together

Growing up's the hardest thing I've ever done.

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YOU'VE GOT MY SOUL ON Satisfaction guaranteed every doggone FIRE

(As recorded by Edwin Starr)

NORMAN WHITFIELD

Girl I went to see my doctor And he told me from your lovin' I've got to stay away He told me to let you go 'cause my heart can't stand much more And there ought to be a law against lovin' a man this way Oh but I can't get enough of your loving And the need keeps gettin' stronger every day, ev'ry day Girl I've got one life to live and a lot of love to get and give And I'm lettin' you know that I ain't

You've got my soul on fire Yeah babe oh oh I'm beggin' you please, please, please don't stop No, no in the name of love Hey girl when it comes to lovin' you're one of a kind

ashamed to say.

And girl you ain't got to worry about me ever leavin' you

'Cause they ain't made no woman yet that can do the things you do oh When you touch your sweet lips to mine my blood starts boilin'

And my temperature starts to rise Girl I'm strung out And I ain't ashamed to admit it And even if it kills me girl I don't want you to quit it.

(Repeat chorus)

Ooh girl I like it um Don't stop don't stop I like it Um um um um girl When you put your lovin' arms around My mind body and soul you control, you control I'm your puppet on a string and one more thing

Woman your love is too hot to hold.

(Repeat chorus)

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COUNTRY SUNSHINE

(As recorded by Dottie West)

DOTTIE WEST BILLY DAVIS

I was raised on country sunshine Green grass beneath my feet Running through fields of daisys And wading through the creek I love you and it's inviting But I was born on country sunshine I'm happy with the simple things Saturday night dancing Brighter sun and the joy that the country sunshine brings I love you please believe me I want you to love me too But I was born on country sunshine It's sunshine in the morning Making the days a joy to see Night-time brings the peaceful feeling

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To rest inside of me

Yes I love you please believe me

But I was born on country sunshine.

LOVE IS ALL

(As recorded by Engelbert Humperdinck)

> BARRY MASON LES REED

Yesterday I knew the games to play I thought I knew the way life was meant to be

And now there's you My foolish games are through Now at last I have found just what makes this old world turn ground.

Love is all I have to give Love is all as long as I shall live Take it all

And I'll always be there when you call my name

I know now that love is all.

Ev'ry night I long to hold you tight until the morning light shines into your eyes Love me now

We'll get along somehow Won't you please take my hand and together for ever we'll stand.

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LOVING ARMS

(As recorded by Dobie Gray)

TOM JANS

You could see me now The one who said he'd rather be alone The one who said that he'd rather roam You could see me now you'd know That I can't take the cold And I can't take the pain And I don't know how to get back To your lovin' arms again.

I could hold you now Just have a moment if I could make you mine Just have a while turn back the hands of

time

I might find a reason in my life But I been too long in the wind And too long in the rain But I would never leave your lovin' arms again.

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HIGHER GROUND

(As recorded by Stevie Wonder)

STEVIE WONDER

People keep on learnin' Soldiers keep on warrin' World keep on turnin' Cause it won't be too long Powers keep on lyin' While your people keep on dyin' World keep on turnin' Cause it won't be too long.

I'm so darn glad he let me try it again Cause my last time on earth I lived a whole world of sin

I'm so glad that I know more than I knew then

Gonna keep on tryin' till I reach the highest ground

Whew teachers, keep on teachin' Preachers keep on preachin' Preachers keep

World keep on turnin' Cause it won't be too long oh no Lovers keep on lovin' Believers keep on believin' Sleepers just stop sleepin' Cause it won't be too long oh no.

Ground oh no No one's gonna bring me down oh no Till I reach my highest ground Don't you let nobody bring you down
They'll sho' nuff try

God is gonna show you higher ground He's the only friend you have around.

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HUM ALONG AND DANCE

(As recorded by Rare Earth)

NORMAN WHITFIELD BARRETT STRONG

Ain't no words to this song You just dance and hum along Said ain't no words to this song No you just dance and hum along Now dance Now come on hum with me um um Ah just a little bit louder

Wow.

Ain't no words to this song You just dance and hum along Ain't no words, ain't no words to this You see we didn't have time to write

Aw let me see ya get it Um hey aw come on now hum with me Wow yow

Ain't no words to this song No you just dance and hum along

Said there ain't no words, no words to this sona You just dance and hum along Soul sister get it get it Come on ya all let's hum some Um um just a little bit louder I said louder, I said louder Wow.

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HITS OF THE '60'S

HOOKED ON A FEELING

MARK JAMES

I can't stop this feeling Deep inside of me Girl, you just don't realize what you do to me

When you hold me in your arms so tight You let me know everything's all right I, I'm hooked on a feeling, high on believing that you're in love with me.

Your lips are sweet as candy
The taste stays on my mind
You just keep me thirsty for another cup
of wine

I've got it bad for you, girl
But I don't need a cure
I'll just stay adicted and hope I can endure

All the good love when we're all alone
Keep it up girl
Yeah you turn me on
I, I'm hooked on a feeling, high on

believing
That you're in love with me.

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DIZZY

TOMMY ROE FREDDY WELLER

Dizzy, I'm so dizzy My head is spinnin' like a whirlpool, it never ends

And it's you, girl, makin' it spin You're makin' me dizzy.

First time that I saw you, girl I knew that I just had to make you mine But, it's so hard to talk to you with fellows hangin' 'round you all the time

I want you for my sweet pet
But you keep playin' hard to get
I'm goin' around in circles all the time.

I fin'lly got to talk to you, and told you just exactly how I felt

Then I held you close to me and kissed you

And my heart began to melt Girl, you got control of me 'Cause I'm so dizzy I can't see I need to call a doctor for some help.

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SPINNING WHEEL

DAVID C. THOMAS

What goes up must come down Spinning wheel got to go 'round Talkin' 'bout your troubles it's a cryin'

Ride a painted pony let the spinning wheel spin

You got no money, you got no home Spinning wheel all alone Talkin' 'bout your troubles and you, you never learn

Ride a painted pony let the spinning wheel turn.

Did you find your directing sign on the straight and narrow highway Would you mind a reflecting sign? Just let it shine within your mind and show you

The colors that are real

Someone is waiting just for you
Spinning wheel spinning true
Drop all your troubles on the riverside
Catch a painted pony on the spinning
wheel ride.

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SUNSHINE OF YOUR LOVE

JACK BRUCE PETER BROWN ERIC CLAPTON

It's gettin' near dawn when lights close tired eye

I'll soon be with you my love give you my dull surprise

I'll be with you, darlin' soon
I'll be with you when the stars start
fallin'.

I've been waitin' so long
To be where I'm goin'
In the sunshine of your love.

I'm with you, my love the light shining through on you

Yes, I'm with you my love it's mornin' and just we two

I'll stay with you, darlin' now
I'll stay with you till my seeds are dried

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NEVER MY LOVE

DON & DICK ADDRISE

You ask me if there'll come a time
When I grow tired of you
Never my love
You wonder if this heart of mine
Will lose its desire for you
Never my love
Never my love.

What makes you think love will end When you know that my whole life depends on you

How can you think love will end When I've asked you to spend your whole life with me.

You say you fear I'll change my mind
I won't require you
Never my love
Never my love.

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MY GIRL

WILLIAM ROBINSON RONALD WHITE

I've got sunshine on a cloudy day When it's cold outside I've got the month of May

I guess you say what can make you feel this way?

My girl, talking 'bout my girl I've got so much honey, the bees envy

I've got a sweeter song than the birds in the tree

Well, I guess you say what can make me feel this way?

My girl talking 'bout my girl.

I don't need no money, fortune or fame I've got all the riches baby one man can claim

Well I guess you say what can make me feel this way?

My girl talking 'bout my girl I've got sunshine on a cloudy day with my girl

I've even got the month of May with my girl

Talking 'bout talking 'bout talking 'bout my girl

Woo my girl that's all I can talk about is my girl.

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HITS OF THE '60'S

GROOVY SITUATION

HERMAN DAVIS

That girl
I'm gonna make her mine if it takes all
night
That girl
I'm gonna make her mine if it takes all
night
Good evening sweet darling

May I ask your name
You seem to be lonely
Well don't worry I'm feeling the same
Oh it's a groovy situation
A splendid combination that we should
meet at a time like this

Oh it's a groovy situation
A splendid combination
You're something that I just can't miss

It's been a long time sweet darling
Since your love has come my way
But I'm trying so hard to find the right
words to say.

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CHAPEL OF LOVE

PHIL SPECTOR ELLIE GREENWICH JEFF BARRY

Goin' to the chapel and we're gonna get married

Goin' to the chapel and we're gonna get married

Gee, I really love you and we're gonna get married Goin' to the chapel of love.

Spring is here, the sky is blue Birds all sing as if they knew Today's the day we'll say I do And we'll never be lonely anymore.

Bells will ring, the sun will shine
I'll be his and he'll be mine
We'll love until the end of time
And we'll never be lonely anymore.

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QUEEN OF THE ROLLER DERBY

(As recorded by Leon Russell)

LEON RUSSELL

Hung up in Oakland on a Saturday
night

Lord I said I just didn't feel right
Good night Jadies all around
But the right one hadn't found me
Such a bad night I didn't feel right
'Til a friend came over 'fore it got too

Ask me if I'd like to have a double date Stars above I fell in love with the queen of the Roller Derby

With the queen of the Roller Derby.

Now Queenie's a lady, she's quiet and shy

Oh she make me feel fine Remember the time that a trucker from Dallas was callous to Queenie with his rude side Now he can't deny that he got much more than he'd bargained for Queenie's right cross brought him to the floor

Now he knows better than to mess with the queen of the Roller Derby The queen of the Roller Derby.

Woah and fast as a bullet she can jam all night

Makes a full grown thunderbird die with fright

When we get home alone in love She murmurs like a sweet mornin' dove.

Such a lady she's quiet and shy
She makes me feel good in this heart of
mine

She's my love she's my lady She's the queen of the Roller Derby She's the queen of the Roller Derby.

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MAKE UP YOUR MIND

(As recorded by J. Geils Band)

PETER WOLF
SETH JUSTMAN

I don't mind waiting for you It's what I really, really wanna do But you got me standing, waiting on line

And baby girl, it just ain't right
Make up your mind, make up your mind
Girl, make up your mind fore it's too

I been trying to get close to you
I can't believe the things you put me
through

So tell me baby, what's it gonna be
Do I have to say goodbye or are you
staying here with me

Make up your mind, make up your mind Girl, make up your mind 'fore it's too late.

Girl, believe me
I'm telling you for the very last time
Don't hesitate, don't turn away
Don't make me wait, I just can't wait
Make up your mind, make up your mind
Girl, make up your mind, 'fore it's too
late

'Fore it's too late, 'fore it's too late
'Fore it's too late, 'fore it's too late
Come on, baby
(Come on make up your mind
Come on, make up your mind).

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WE'LL HAVE TO GO AWAY

(As recorded by Skylark)

KERRY CHATER RENEE ARMAND

Tired yes I am
I thought we'd found a home
But life in the city is dark
And dirty and I guess we'll have to go
away.

Lonely yes I am

No one knows my name

We're lost in a place and no one has a
face
I guess we'll have to go away.

Sayin' goodbye's not easy
How will we ever explain
Everything looks like cardboard pictures
Fallin' apart in the rain
Runnin' yes I am
Wave goodbye to chains
If we're lookin' for a river that goes on
forever
I guess we'll have to go away.

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AS TIME GOES BY

(As recorded by Nilsson)

HERMAN HUPFELD

You must remember this, a kiss is still a kiss

A sigh is just a sigh
The fundamental things apply
As time goes by

And when two lovers woo, they still say
"I love you"

On that you can rely
No matter what the future brings
As time goes by.

Moonlight and love songs never out of

Hearts full of passion, jealousy and hate
Woman needs man and man must have
his mate

That no one can deny
It's still the same old story, a fight for love and glory

A case of do or die
The world will always welcome lovers
As time goes by.

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OUTLAW MAN

(As recorded by Eagles)
DAVID BLUE

l am an outlaw I was born an outlaw's

My legacy is the highway on the highway I will run

In the one hand I've a bible in the other I've got a gun

Don't you know me I'm the wanted one Woman don't try to love me don't try to understand

A life upon the road is the life of an outlaw, life of an outlaw man.

Woman don't try to love me
Don't try to understand
A life upon the road is the life of an
outlaw

Life of an outlaw man. Left mama Rita down in Santa Fe Headin' for San Francisco in a fifty-six chevrolet

All my friends are strangers who quickly come and go
All my lovers in danger - I steal hearts

and souls.
(Repeat chorus)

On the Barbary Coast I live and leave my sign

Movin' through the shadows to commit my acts of crime

Some people call me able, some people call me cain

Some people call me sinner, some people call me saint.
(Repeat chorus)

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KISS IT AND MAKE IT BETTER

(As recorded by Mac Davis)

MAC DAVIS Girl I look inside of you

I can see the pain

Brush my lips across your skin I can taste the rain Somethin's hurtin', baby, way down deep inside you I can feel it in your touch Baby, let me come and lay down here beside you

Baby I can kiss it and make it better Kiss it, kiss it away Let me kiss it and make it better Kiss it, kiss it away.

Lord, I want you so much.

Baby lay your head against my chest Let me stroke your hair Let me kiss away your tears I can taste your lovin'.

We all need someone to cling to when we're lonely

Someone more than just a friend Baby, come and let your tears fall down on me

I'll make you feel good again.

Baby, let me kiss it and make it better Kiss it, kiss it away I can kiss it and make it better Kiss it, kiss it away.

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TO KNOW YOU IS TO **LOVE YOU**

(As recorded by B. B. King)

STEVIE WONDER SYREETA WRIGHT

To know you is to love you But to know me is not that way you see Cause you made me so happy That my love for you grows endlessly When I'm down and feelin' sad You always comfort me When I'm down and feelin' sad You always comfort me Baby to know you is to love you Is to see you bein' free as the wind Cause the power of your lovin' is too strong to hold within

I know you and I think I love you I know you and I think I love you I know you and can't feel our love Just growing, growing, growing, baby Hey doggone it baby.

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All types of dolls are used in doo practice. Practitioners believe one should work with only one doll at a time -- attaching a name tag to the doll and adorning it, if possible, with a bit of cloth or

some object which belongs to the person the doll is to represent.

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FREEDOM FOR THE **STALLION**

(As recorded by Hues Corporation)

ALLEN TOUSSAINT

Freedom for the stallion Freedom for the mare and her colt Freedom for the baby child that has not grown old enough to vote Oh Lord have mercy what you going to

do about the people who are praying to

They got men making laws that destroy, other men made money God it's a doggone sin

O Lord you got to help us find the way.

Big ship's sailing slaves all chained and bound

Headed for a brand new land that some said he up and found

Lord have mercy what you going to do about the people who are praying to you

They got men making laws that destroy, other men make money God it's a doggone sin O Lord you got to help us find the way.

Freedom for the stallion, freedom for the mare and her colt

Freedom for the baby child who has not grown old enough to vote

Lord have mercy what you going to do about the people who are praying to you, you know When I look inside my mind searching

for the truth I find

O Lord you got to help us find the way.

(Is running) One cup has runneth over One cup is bone dry Why must his only freedom Come after he has up and died? Lord have mercy whatcha gonna do About the people who are prayin' to you?

They got men buildin' fences Keepin' other men out They ignore him if he whispers (Destroy)

Kill him if he shouts Oh Lord you gotta help us find a way.

Some sing the sad song Others got to moan the blues Tryin' to make the most Of a home that he didn't even choose Lord have mercy how ya' gonna be To the people like John and me When I look inside my soul Searchin' through my faith I'm told Oh Lord, you got to help us find a way.

Big bell-a-ringin' Everybody gonna be free (Blackest) Even the baby child Who has not as yet begun to see Lord have mercy whatcha' gonna do That dream just didn't come thru They got men makin' laws that destroy other men And in God we trust it's a doggone sin

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Oh Lord, you gotta help us find a way.

I GOT A NAME (From the 20th Century Fox Motion Picture "The Last American Hero")

(As recorded by Jim Croce)

NORMAN GIMBEL CHARLES FOX

Like the pine trees lining the winding road

I got a name, I got a name Like the singing bird and the croaking toad

I got a name, I got a name And I carry it with me like my daddy did But I'm living the dream that he kept hid

And it's gonna make me free.

Like the northwind whistlin' down the sky I got a song, I got a song

Like a whippoorwill and a baby's cry I got a song, I got a song And I carry it with me and I sing it loud If it gets me nowhere I'll go there proud Movin' me down the highway Rollin' me down the highway Movin' ahead so life won't pass me by.

Like the fool I am and I'll always be I got a dream, I got a dream They can change their minds but they can't change me

I got a dream, I got a dream I know I could share it if you'd want me

If you're goin' my way I'll go with you Movin' me down the highway Rollin: me down the highway Movin' ahead so life won't pass me by Movin' me down the highway Rollin' me down the highway Movin' ahead so life won't pass me by.

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NIGHT'S SATURDAY **ALRIGHT** (For Fighting)

(As recorded by Elton John)

ELTON JOHN BERNIE TAUPIN

It's getting late have you seen my mates
Ma tell me when the boys get here It's seven o'clock and I wanna rock Wanna get a belly full of beer My old man's drunker than a barrel full of monkeys and my old lady she don't care

My sister looks cute in her braces and boots

A handful of grease in her hair.

So don't give us none of your aggravation We've had it with your discipline

Oh Saturday night's alright for fightin' Get a little action in Get about as oiled as a diesel train Gonna set this dance a-light Cause Saturday night's the night I like Saturday night's alright, alright,

Well they're packed pretty tight in here tonight

I'm looking for a dolly to see me right I may use a little muscle to get what I need

I may sink a little drink and shout out she's with me

A couple of sounds that I really like Are the sound of a switch blade and a motor bike

I'm a juvenile product of the working class

Whose best friend floats in the bottom of a glass ooh.

So don't give us none of your aggravation

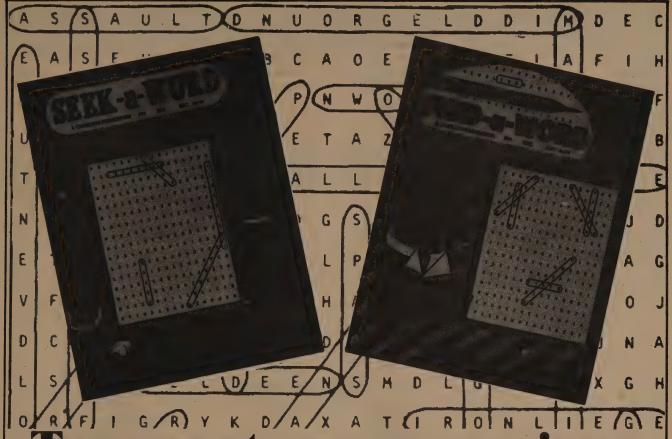
We've had it with your discipline Oh Saturday night's alright for fightin' Get a little action in

Get about as oiled as a diesel train Gonna set this dance a-light

Cause Saturday night's the night I like Saturday night's alright, alright, alright ooh

Saturday, Saturday, Saturday, Saturday, Saturday Saturday, Saturday, Saturday night's alright.

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MAC DAVIS

(continued from page 6)

gave away Something's Burning, you gave away Watching Scotty Grow ... you're always giving your hook songs to others.'

"As a joke, I picked up the guitar and sang the first hook phrase I could think of, 'Baby don't get hooked on me.' My producer got all excited and said, 'That's it.' I said, 'You gotta be kidding,' and he said, 'No, let's cut it.'

"Well, we cut the music tracks right then and there, and that night I wrote the words which we put to music the following morning. The darn thing was out and a hit before I had time to think about sending it to somebody else."

Davis hails from Lubbock, Texas. His development as a songwriter and performer didn't really begin until after he had graduated from high school. While working during the day for the Georgia State Board of Probation and studying at night at Georgia State University in

Atlanta, he somehow managed to find the time to form his own band. Hitting the fraternity trail from Alabama to the Carolinas to Florida, he was also writing songs and composing melodies by ear.

However, at the age of 20, Davis decided to give up "running gigs with my rock 'n' roll band because I had this image of still being a rock 'n' roll singer at the age of 34, trying to make a buck." For the next four years, he served as the Atlanta district and regional manager for the now-defunct Vee-Jay label, later joining Liberty in the same capacity.

After establishing branches from New Orleans to Miami, Davis was dispatched to Hollywood to head Metric Music, Liberty's music publishing operation. While at Metric, he wrote two songs that launched him into recognition within the industry: "You're Good For Me," recorded by Lou Rawls, and Glen Campbell's "Within My Memory."

Then came a series of songs recorded by some of the biggest names in the business. He continued giving the songs to others, even after he had launched his



own career as a performer.

"I really didn't think my voice was quite right for most of them," he says. "Besides, those other fellows had bigger names which made the chances for the songs to become hits that much brighter."

While at first not particularly eager to interpret his own material, Davis now admits to having been a "frustrated singer" all along. Once he got started, he became a much sought - after television guest and was quickly discovered by the college kids. His fame kept increasing but it wasn't until he recorded his own song that he really hit his stride.

Davis' songwriting is a rather amorphous thing. He says he'll hear someone say a phrase that "knocked me out," then repeat it over and over to himself. Eventually the repetitions become musical, then Davis fits the tune coming to fruition to the words in his head.

"Everybody's got music in his head," he says. "He just has to find it. Some find it just by appreciating the songs of others. And others find it by writing it."

Many of his songs are deeply personal. Some are based on his son, Scott, and most others are at least semi autobiographical.

"Some people can write for themselves, but I have to write what I think other people can identify with," he says. "I take personal experience and then amplify and embellish it."

A musical phenomenon, Davis is a selftaught guitarist who can't read or write music.

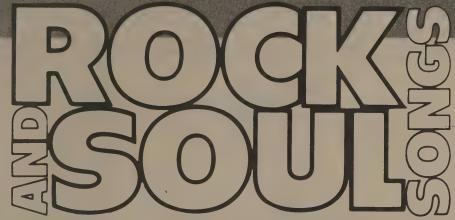
"But I have a good sense of melody and harmony," he explains. "I think that's something you're born with."

He was also born with an infectious grin, keen sense of humor and fine voice.

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PROCUL HARUM

(continued from page 39)

Once the tour was finished, recording started again, but it seemed that lead guitarist Dave Ball was finished with the group. And before recording could start again, Procol had to find themselves a new guitarist.

The search, fortunately, lasted only a few days, when a young man named Mick Grabham showed up to audition. He'd been a member of a very respected English group called Cochise, and he thoroughly knocked out the group when he played for them.

But the question of whether they really all could make it together was still there. Only one way to find out. The group was committed to a European tour — Mick would get his education in the ways of Procol and his Baptism by fire on the tour.

No sweat. He not only could do it, his rippling guitar lines actually shaped Procol's music into something never before achieved in the band. "Playing with Mick is exciting," pronounced Brooker after the tour.

But now it was time to get back to the recording studio again. Actually, about five tracks of "Grand Hotel" had been recorded with Ball. But with a new sound as exciting as they now had with Mick, it seemed logical that they should scrap what they had and start from scratch.

It meant more hassle and more delay but the results have definitely been worth it. It may have made "The Story of an Album" a long and tough one — which, by the way, it usually is — but then Keith Reid and Gary Brooker, Procol Harum's founding daddies, were long used to tough hauls and hassles by then.

For Keith it all began way back when he was a mild and meek clerk in a London book store which specialized in law. But when he wasn't clerking he was compulsively penning pop tunes. He tried peddling them to any number of music publishers, and finally hooked up with one who felt his curious lyrics had something. In fact, they thought they knew who just might be the right composer to put melodies to those words, a musician named Gary Brooker.

At that point Brooker was part of the Paramounts, who spent most of their time backing up Sandy Shaw. But one meeting with Reid and the pianist set his entire collection of lyrics to music.

But they needed a demo tape, so they could get a record company to give them a contract. But no musicians, no tape—so they put an ad in the newspapers.

Matthew Fisher, who'd been the organist behind Screaming Lord Such, and David Knights, unemployed bassist answered the ad and became part of the original Procol Harum — named for a Burmese cat owned by one of Keith's friends.

The demo was a success — one of the songs especially — and they were instructed to re-record it as a single to be released on the Regal Zonophone Records label. The song was "Whiter Shade of Pale," and was an immediate hit

They, together with an acquired lead

guitarist named Robin Trower and a drummer named B.J. Wilson, were a real-live group!

Actually, Bobby Harrison was the first drummer, but B.J. quickly inherited that role, and besides Keith and Gary, is the only early member of the group left.

They made, besides two albums, ("Shine on Brightly" and "Salty Dog"), an American tour, building up a small, but select cult among those who heard them. However, they also ran into their first personnel problem. Knights and Fisher were released from the band because of their "lack of enthusiasm."

They were immediately replaced by the multi-talented bass and organist Chris Copping. Their next album "Home" had evolved into a newer and better sound because of Chris.

But the disasters were not over. Robin Trower left, to be replaced by David Ball, all of which was the climax to a disastrous Italian tour and an American tour which also ended rather badly. However, all was not tragedy. Copping brought in a friend, Alan Cartwright, to play bass while he concentrated on the organ and the sound was fuller and richer.

Next came the "Edmonton" album, and the rest, as they say, is history. In fact, with "Grand Hotel," you might even say Procol is making history.

"It has reached a point," sighs Keith Reid happily, "where we all realize that this is not the kind of band that might break up tomorrow."

by Mark David Schwartz



DOBIE GRAY (continued from page 20)

liked the way I sang. So we decided to record. At that time, I was still with Pollution, but it was just about over, except for the litigation.

"Actually, we were together for a year before we got a chance to go into the studio. It took me that long to get out of my old contract. It's really quite funny because when we started working together we went to MCA as a package and they signed us. When we went back a year later, all the people who had been there when we signed were gone. It was weird, but fortunately the new people were into what we were doing and they've been fantastically supportive."

For Dobie, who's been through some of the more disasterous encounters with record companies and producers, "supportive" means promotion for a new album. "The way record companies show faith in an artist is to put out promotion effort. You can be the best artist in the world, but if somebody isn't going to support your product, no one will hear you."

His first single for MCA was, of course, "Drift Away." In Dobie's mind it was a hit the first time he heard even part of the lyrics. "Mentor called me up one day and said come into the office. He had this line running through his head.

"'Give me the beat boy / I want to get lost in your rock and roll / and Drift Away.'

"I said finish it fast, It's a hit."

And now that the music's become a fine piece of cake, what about the passion — acting?

"Ironically," says Dobie, since he has become a "reality" on the music scene, "I haven't had too much time to concentrate on acting. I've had to bow out of a couple of workshop plays because of commitments on the road.

"Don't get me wrong on the subject of music vs. acting. I love music, of course. I'm into writing. A&M just signed me as a contract writer. But," he sighs, "acting is my childhood dream."

Since 1964, when he became an almoststar, Dobie has been keeping a diary of everything that's happened to him; sometimes written on napkins, catching planes from one two-horse town to another; sometimes written on long yellow legal pads, when he was studying law in Los Angeles; it chronicles the strange ways of the rock industry.

"I just might publish it," he says seriously.
"There's lots of lessons to be learned in it—
the days I was up, the times I was depressed,
the way I was so trusting of people who later
turned out to do me in. It could be quite a
guide for some who are trying to come up
through music."

Dobie has come up through music — the hard way. Today, his bread and butter seems a sure thing for years to come. And could be soon he'll get on to the passion part again, and there'll be a singing, acting superstar around.

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LEON RUSSELL (continued from page 42)

"Who does this dude think he is?" It's quite true that arrogance of any kind, in a performer ... no matter how good of a performer, he may be ... can be and has been the reason for the downfall of many a good career. Of course there are exceptions to every rule. It would seem that Leon Russell is one of these exceptions ... at least for the time being.

Since the early days of his career as a studio musician and as a back-up man for some of the greatest musicians in the business, Russell has always done things his way ... and only his way. The strange thing, though, is that his reputation as an extraordinary musician, composer and arranger, usually over-rode any personal resentments felt by the people he was associated with. This, of course, includes that gifted madman and genius, Joe Cocker.

Joe Cocker, at a very low point in his private and professional life, was in trouble and he knew it. Russell offered to help. Cocker, knowing where Russell was coming from, accepted his offer readily. As a result, it is now musical history that the tour of the U.S.A., and the album which resulted from it put JOE COCKER back in the running. He was aware that

LEON knows his stuff ... and he cooperated right down the line. Much to his advantage.

More recently, an illustration of Russell's well received patronage, can be seen in the swiftly moving career of Rev. Patrick Henderson. Henderson, for a long time had been a piano player with Russell and the Shelter Family. Quite gifted, in his own right, Henderson decided to take the plunge and do something on his own. He has recently completed an elpee of his own work, which is due for release shortly.

Russell's attitude at the time was that if Henderson wanted to get into his own thing it was alright with him. In addition, he offered his help to Henderson in getting the album together, which Henderson agreed would enhance his chances of succeeding on his own. Officially, Henderson is still working with Russell's "Family", and will continue to do so, unless his own career dictates that he work completely on his own.

Russell's reputation for calling things as he sees them is well-known. Even his most loyal fans and followers respect and adhere to what Leon is projecting at his performances. During a performance at the Ontario Motor Speedway, the crowd was over thirty thousand strong. The crowd was soon on its feet, rejuvenated

by the appearance of Russell.

With his head together and voice on key, Leon carried off an unquestionable superior performance than on his recent "Leon Live" album. He stopped only once ... to admonish a security guard for starting a fight up front. "I don't want to play and watch fights," he drawled. Earlier he had informed the audience: "I'll put on a show for you ... if you put on a show for me". It was a deal which he always makes. And it always works. It is his "ace-in-the-hole" with his adoring fans.

His mastery of music and his ability to elicit the kind of respect from his audiences, which he exacts from them, as his "due" ... is unique among rock performers. Indeed, he is up there working for them ... and what he asks in return from them, he receives without fail. He has been gifted with what many lesser performers, would sell their sequinedcovered wedgies for ... and that is ... command. Russell can command an audience because the audience has faith in the fact that he is giving them everything he has to give. He won't hold back on them ... and likewise, they certainly won't hold back on him. His effect is unique and a most welcome one, on the musical scene in this world today.

Right on, Leon! Right on ... very right on!!!

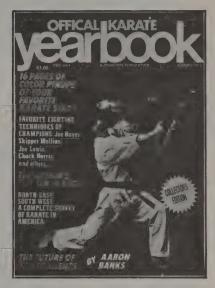


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The RECORD RACK, which holds up to 50 albums, has a sliding ring to hold records in place and multiplied side-by-side can accommodate any size collection. Ditto the 8-TRACK RACK, which stacks as many as 3-to-4-or more racks high to handle substantial "phono-overload."



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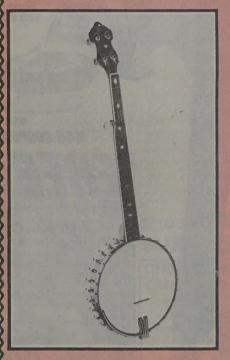
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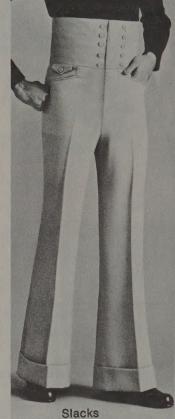
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